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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

Conrad De Castro,

THE OATH BOUND;

OR,

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER & GOLDEN KEY,

A UNION STORY BY THIRTEEN AUTHORS.

EDITED BY ROB: G. STAPLES.

CHAPTER XII.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

Hope Deferred—"Native Land"—Further Revelations.

Almeria. Bind up the bridal wreath with funeral yew,—
Orange-blossoms are not meet for scene like this.
Orlando. And when my questioners come?—
Alm. Say thus to them—
King Death hath blown out Hymen's gleaming torch
With ice-cold breath.

Unpublished Drama.

"How sweetly sleeps she in this quiet resting place, Conrad, and yet what a strange—an incomprehensible phase of our nature is this same *death!* The night dews may fall here—the summer's suns may shine here—the blithe birds sing—the flowers bloom—the autumn winds whistle their shrill, sad requiem,—the winter spread its snowy winding sheet above this grave and she, she whose sensitive heart once throbbed in sympathy with all the varied scenes of Nature lies beneath the sod in dreamless apathy."

"'Incomprehensible?'—yes, to our finite minds, dear Imelda; still I avow myself again and again a convert to your blest creed. 'He doeth all things well,' and if as we thus watch by our angel sister's last resting place

The song-bird and the bloom—the summer sky—
The flower-gemm'd earth and softly burning stars
Shall speak in mournful measures of the dead,

As we reflect that these things she loved shall gladden her no more forever, I can still joy that the autumn's sear leaf, the winter's chill shall no more to her sweet spirit speak of sadness and of change."

"Right, Conrad, you know well,

'The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.'

One of the sweet poets across yon blue water has said it and said truly, but of Clara, our own dear sister we know well—that she has given up the mortal for the immortal,—that for the melodies of earth and air—the singing of our forest birds,—the whispering of winds and murmuring of waters—the music of the universe, she has the fuller choir where Angels sing—the fount, the origin of all melody,—harmony sweeter, more perfect than that of the spheres when

'The morning stars for joy together sang.'

For the bright flowers which enamel our earth, the immortal blooms of Paradise are hers. The amaranthine bowers which bloom eternally by the River of Life and shed their never-dying fragrance through the blest courts of 'many mansions.'"

The rich Castilian blood mounted to the olive-hued cheek of the beautiful girl and her dark eyes gleamed as it were with holy fire while they looked up from among their dusky fringe to that Heaven of which she had been speaking.

Conrad thought as she stood before him, of the inspired oracle of some ancient Temple, and truly Imelda was the chosen Priestess of his heart's altar.

The mantling flush which suffused her cheek, the wild brilliancy of her eye were in no wise startling to Mrs. Russ who in her afternoon wanderings had espied them from a distance and joined them at her favorite Clara's grave. She was well accustomed to Imelda's enthusiastic nature and the flashing eye and the flushing cheek spoke to her own less ardent temperament of a warmer clime and a more impulsive animal nature rather than any peculiarity of constitution mental or moral.

"Have you, my young friends," asked that lady, "decided the momentous question of the morning's debate,—whether to seek your own land, and you, Imelda, your father's blessing upon your projected matrimonial alliance?"

"Yes, dear Mrs Russ"—they both replied, "and," added Imelda, "it is well that we should thus;—there beneath the blue sky of Spain—there in the shade of our own olive-groves—there where the orange-trees wave and their silvery flowers and golden fruit gleam through their deep green sea of foliage—there among our own mountains and vallies and by our sparkling streams were our first youthful vows plighted, and these—these shall see their ratification."

"Aye," joined Conrad "and the same baptized bell whose call we obeyed as hand in hand we went over the hills at Vesper hour, shall ring out yet a wedding peal upon the air of our native Spain,—and—thy father Imelda?"

"He will!—he will forgive!" ardently spake the girl;—"we postpone our wedded bliss to mourn for Clara—thy own Ione, and to joy for my reception into my own home again."

* * * * * * *

An old ancestral hall in the province of Arragon. The sun is in his richest golden age—that of decline, and its mellow tints are mingling with air, earth and water, filling the atmosphere with golden scintillations, bathing the whole range of the distant Pyrenees in floods of prismatic light, and changing the flood of the blue Ebro into a tide of gold and purple and crimson.

The architectural designs and decorations of that ancient castle half-Moorish, half-European bespeak the fashions and tastes of several successive generations as well as of continuation of wealth and aristocratic proprietorship. The massive marble pillars of the old hall, the gilded arabesque and glowing mosaic upon the walls seem like a scene of enchantment at this magic hour—by this witching light which streams through the many colored window panes.

Upon the tesselated pavement and in the centre of the spacious apartment stands a group,—let us regard them,—an old man whose venerable beard of silver-gray sweeps nearly to his waist while his silvery locks fall unrestrained about his neck and shoulders, and an air of quiet sadness,—of resignation, it might be—pervaded his whole exterior aspect.

Travel-weary and worn, there kneel at his feet two—one in manhood's glorious prime,—the other—a blushing maiden;—Conrad—the wanderer, and Imelda—the old Count's lovely daughter,—the child of his old age,—the sole surviving scion of his race,—save, indeed—but, not here.

Years and their chances and changes have told full well upon the heart and spirit of the old man, and other aims and ends are his now as he journeys down the vale of life, and pious prayer and fast and vigil fill up the space erstwhile occupied by schemes of wordly advancement and relics of feudal pride.

"Rise, children!" he exclaims, and tenders to each a hand:—his blessing has fallen upon their heads, "ye are one in heart and mind, in God's sight,—in mine,—and let all the world say—'Amen!'" and Conrad and Imelda stood before him blessing and blessed.

"Yours was a noble pilgrimage, young man," said the old Count as they sat together that evening in the latticed gallery which opened upon the Western court. Imelda reclined upon a low couch at the farther end, where the stray moonbeams stole into the dark clusters of her hair.

"Yours was a noble pilgrimage—the search for a lost sister. *I* aided in the *persecution* of mine the only one I ever had. How dared she! thought I, leave these noble old halls where Chales V. himself loved to recreate from the toil of war,—whence farther back still went forth nobles in the times of our illustrious Ferdinand and Isabella to the cortes of Ancient Spain,—to give herself in marriage to a poor peasant! Her father's curse was ten—aye, an hundred times ratified in my own. What brooked it that he had saved her from peril of robbers, adown yonder mountain-pass!—had we not rather she were a million times murdered than become the wife of a low born peasant—allying noble blood to base? They fled to yon broad Western land whence you and my exiled child have but just come. Alfiero died of the annual pestilence in a city of the South;—a few months passed, and the same moment gave to our banished Inez her infant daughter and her own translation to the heavenly rest. I doubt it not,—she was a gentle and a saintlike girl, ever returning good for evil,—kindness for railing,—prayer for curse. I have both before and since my father's death kept a watch over their destinies;—CONSCIENCE eternally whispering me of wrong perpetrated and persevered in. SATAN urging in tones still more audible—'not yet, not yet the reparation!'—if you *will* keep them in view—*well*,—you intend them good,—it is sufficient. *Not yet!*'—and I have hearkened,—hearkened until too late for her who sleeps broken-hearted beneath a foreign soil,—not utterly too late—thanks to God—the Countess Rossi, a noble Venitian lady inherits her Mother's gentle soul, and, for that that Mother's blood fills my veins, she becomes my guest tomorrow."

Conrad rose from his seat and Imelda from her couch and drew nearer the old Count, when the former narrated the portion of *his* adventures connected with the same noble lady.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY EULALIA.

Marriage. A Mystery Disclosed.

"Oh! life is not perfect with love's first kiss,
Who would win the blessing, must wrestle,
And the deeper the sorrow, the deeper the bliss
That in it's rich core may nestle."

A woman's love, when firmly rooted, clings like the ivy to the oak. Sorrow and disappointments may come, but the true womanly heart hopes on, even through the darkest hour.

We have seen how that love gave to Imelda strength to brave the perils of a lonely voyage to a distant land, how it had quenched the kindling flames of that pride which else would have blighted the lives of two such noble beings, and now, when the day of happiness has at length arrived, it paints for her a bright and glowing picture of the future. Two short hours and she will be a happy bride. She sat watching the gorgeous Summer sunlight which swept like a flood of purple and gold through her chamber. A smile of heavenly sweetness rested on her countenance, while she passively submitted herself to her maids, who were vainly striving to increase her radient beauty, by decking her with costly bridal robes. Her thoughts were away over the broad ocean in the still death chamber of the lost Ione.—

That was a sacred spot around which clustered some of the dearest memories of her life, for she remembered it was there, when crushed and broken in spirit, Conrad had first given her a love purified and regenerated by grace. On this her bridal morning, she thanked God for having caused her to suffer and to wait, and from the great depths of her soul went up a prayer, for strength to enable her to fill to him the double place of sister and wife. But the sound of approaching footsteps aroused her from this revery and the last graceful touches of the toilet being given, she stood resplendant as a Queen.

A faint, careless smile stole over her features, as she caught from an opposite mirror, a flash of the jewels which bound her graceful head. Just then a girlish figure approached, and lifting the coronet of gems from her brow, pressed a warm kiss of affection on her cheek.

"No ornaments but your own lovely self, are needed my lady" said a gay voice and turning Imelda greeted warmly her old friend Bell Lincoln. She had been Imelda's friend in times of sorrow and now she was here with her light and buoyant young heart to mingle in the wedding festivities. Accompanied by the countess of Rossi, she had come to tell her, that the old Count, her father, and Conrad were waiting to welcome her below.

They descended to the grand old hall of reception, where for so many years, the gentle maidens of the noble house had been given in marriage, to men of rank and high renown. Conrad stepped forward, and as the old Count placed Imelda's hand in his, he said, "Imelda, my own beloved, here in the presence of your noble father and these your tried friends, I open this casket which has for many long years been to me only as a memory of my dead mother and of the dreadful mystery which hangs over my ancestry. Here are jewels which no hand but a De Castro's has ever sullied. Jewels, that were handed from father to son accompanied by the same fatal oath that banished our Ione. That father who would have cursed me with the same perjuring oath met with a strange death, before I was bound in such misery, and he now stands in the presence of a just God. And I encircle your arms and bind your brow with these diamonds and I pray that a happy life be yours, when your destiny is linked with mine."

A smile shone out from beneath the tear drops which trembled on Imelda's long dark lash, as she raised her face to the manly form before her.

"Conrad," said she, "my love for you has painted a long dark picture in my life, yet through the darkest cloud I saw the bow of light held over me by the Angel of Hope. Now the shadows are dispelled and my future pathway seems one of love, peace and happiness."

Though Conrad *was* a man, a silent tear stole down his cheek as he gazed upon the young Spaniard, whose every feature was glowing with ingenuous candor. Clasping her to his bosom, he exclaimed, "Imelda, a nobler principle than even love, now fills my soul, and I feel that, that God whom I have learned to serve will help me to make the time long, ere a single sorrow or disappointment shall again befall you."

Just as he spoke a joyful peal rang out upon the morning air, and the sweet chiming of bells told that the joyous hour of marriage was at hand. From far and near the tenantry of the old baronial lands came flocking to the festive scene. The old brought their blessings for the young lord and his fair lady, while the young were laden, with budding flowers, fresh with their morning odors, which they strewed to songs of bursting melody, along the winding path, that led through orange groves and vine-clad bowers to the old time stained chapel.

The bridal train passed from beneath the corridor, out upon the spacious lawn, followed by a band of beautiful peasant girls, who chanted a glorious anthem of praise, and just as the last echo of the voices floated off on the breeze, they entered and standing before the man of God, pronounced those vows, which made them *one*.

They return—receive the blessing of their father upon their union and we next find them at the home of Conrad.

It was evening, and a brilliant assemblage of the high-born sons and daughters of Spain were making merry again, the once deserted banquet halls of the De Castros. Beautiful ladies and chivalrous lords mingled in the graceful mazes of the Spanish dance and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

Mingling in that throng was a stranger, beautiful as a fresh blown rose sparkling with the dew of Heaven. Each eye dwelt upon her with enchanting wonder, as she glided in her bloom, and grace through those halls of elegance and grandeur.

Her sweet simplicity of style, marked her of a different clime from the gay belles around. Her dress was of pure white gossamer, which floated about her person, like a cloud wafted by a summer breeze. No jewels flashed from her brow but the glossy ringlets danced themselves into sunny ripples shading both brow and shoulders.—Reader that stranger was Isabelle Lincoln and her rich American beauty and sparkling intelligence was indeed a wonder to the children of that warmer clime.

Walter Holland who had been welcomed to the home of his noble lineage, stood by and drank into his very soul that picture of virgin beauty, and if the tell-tale blush that mantled her cheek as she caught his gaze, reveal ought of love, then imagination may paint to you the *finale*, of their history.

We leave them now, Imelda and Conrad, to their happy wedded life and Walter preparing to return with Bella to her American home.

One evening, just as the Summer had begun to ripen into Autumn Imelda and Conrad sat talking, on the baleony, of the past, and planning for the future. A messenger arrived and placed in Conrad's hand a soiled and torn paper which read as follows.—

"If Conrad De Castro would hear the mystery of his father's death, let him come quickly to the old park cottage."

Placing the scroll in Imelda's hand he descended the broad steps, and wound his way through the forest of shrubbery to the old cottage in the park where for many years a faithful old domestic had resided. Guided by the faint gleaming of the moon and wrapped in a moody fit of abstraction he reached the spot. The door was opened by the trembling hand of the faithful old domestic, who gave him a smile of recognition, though not unmingled with sadness for they were in the presence of the dying.

Conrad shuddered as he gazed on the dying woman and recognized the features of the Hermitess of Hazle Glen. Raising her sunken eyes to him, she said,—

"Sit you down Conrad De Castro—Sit you down—Sit where my last gaze may rest upon you. Hear man why I have so shuddered at the mention of your father's death. Conrad, *I loved him.* Yes fearfully and wildly I loved him.

"When the Summer was upon my heart, *he* taught me the first sweet lesson of love. Here in this bright clime, near my own sweet home in these wood-land wilds, he, the proud petted scion of the De Castro line, wooed the poor peasant girl, daughter of one of his father's tenants. He told me I was beautiful and he would be proud to call me his. But years passed and a shadow clouded my young life.

"He went to a distant land and when he returned he brought with him a beautiful high born woman as his bride. He forgot his boyish love for the poor country girl and I was left with my burning secret to eat out my life-happiness.

"When you, Conrad, were born, I was called upon by your accomplished and elegant mother, to fill the place of nurse in the castle. I went with my guilty love still burning, in my soul, for wronged as I was, I still felt it was a guilty love; and I went, with the vain hope of finding happiness *even in* his *presence*. But I found he loved most fondly your gentle mother and it maddened my brain.

"When I would take her babe from her arms she would smile sweetly upon me, little dreaming how the sight of her maddened me. Sometimes I would fancy *he* looked upon me with the same loving eyes as once before, and the fiend would seem to possess me and often have I been tempted to pierce her to the heart, even while she lay sleeping in her innocent beauty.

"She was too pure, too good, I could not do it—I strove in vain to hate her. Time passed; my sorrow was soothed into the calmness of despair and your Mother learned to look upon me as a friend.

"After the birth of the infant Ione, the old passion begun to rekindle in my heart and the evil one haunted me continually, tempting me to reveal to him the existence of an infant daughter.

"One evening, two days previous to his murder, I revealed all to him, hoping even now, that he would fulfil his fearful oath, and make me his bride. But he raved wildly, cursed me and drove me from his presence. Wild with despair I fled from him to my father and related to him the whole story of my past wrongs.

"The passionate revenge of a Spainard burned in his bosom, and as I spoke the fiercest anger blazed from his eye and snatching a dagger from his drawer, he called my two elder brothers, and fiering their blood with the recital, they all left the house in a state of revengeful fury. I followed them. God of mercy, the sight that met my gaze! It was my father with uplifted arm, ready to hurl the fatal dagger into the heart of the man I had so wildly and madly loved. My cries were all in vain. They murdered him, hurried his body under a large stone that paved the Western court of the castle; and then fled with me to a secret hiding place.

"A delirium of fever blotted out for a time my senses, but when I awoke it was to a consciousness of the wrongs I had done your blessed mother. I arose from my bed a repentant creature and resolved to search through the wild world or restore the lost Ione. Your own experience tells the rest Conrad. God bless you and I pray you think leniently of my faults when I am gone."

Exhausted, the wretched sufferer fell back upon her bed a corpse; and Conrad turned away in silence.

Reader, the hand of time has swept over the characters of our Story. To some he has brought sunshine. To others he has run the sands of life into the dials of eternity.

Again we are in the chamber where we heard the oath of Conrad to his dying mother. The gorgeous purple light of a Southern Sun is lying in deep mellow tints on all around. The brilliant gilded cornice, the rich crimson drapery and the large mirrors all reflect his light in ten-fold splendor.

Conrad sits in a meditative mood, his broad brow is resting upon his uplifted hand and before him lies an open Bible. Imelda, is still beautiful, but has now a shade of mature thoughtfulness about her face, as she sits gazing upon a dark eyed little babe, which for many months has been the light of the house. Parting the glossy ringlets on its brow and imprinting a kiss on its pouting little lips, she turns to Conrad saying. "How like our angel sister the little Clara grows!" "Call her not Clara, but Ione, Imelda dear, for it is meet she should fill the lost one's place—not only in our hearts but in the halls of this ancient family castle." "Then Ione it shall be" said Imelda as she laid the little one to rest upon its downy pillow; while Conrad bending over her, thanked God that no oath of blind Superstition bound him to sacrifice his treasures.

Reader have you the golden key to your hearts inner sanctuary burnished with holy keeping? Can you look with an eye of faith through nature's works up to nature's God and say, "The hand that made them was divine?"

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Here I am dearest, 'mong the hills of New England
In the home of my childhood where each scene is dear
Where parents are kind and sisters are loving
And the look of distrust I need never fear.

Sweet May is teeming with beauty and splendor,
The gay birds are singing and flowers are fair,
The grass is upspringing and trees are budding
And like a kiss from Heaven the soft summer air.

And each night as I lay me down to my slumber
A whippoorwill sings in the old glen yonder,
Whose trills are like those I heard in my childhood;
Can it be the same bird that sang then I wonder?

Oh, I love the birds, trees and rills that are here,
The tall cliffs and mountains and forests so grand,
They whisper to me of the hours elysian,
That I knew ere I left this favored land.

One year in the West have I passed with thee, love,
But oh, that clime has terrors for me,
Then come and tarry in the heart of New England
And our life a scene of bliss will be.

Two long months have passed since we parted, love,
And, through many a scene I have been,
Hast thou been happy in thy widowed home
And dost thou long to see me again?

A remarkably ugly man as conceited as silly, said to a late Philadelphia wag, who had wit enough for everything but making money, "why, Smith how thin you are!—You'll never pay the debt of nature, I'm afraid, but will dry up and blow away." "Well, you will pay that debt, at all events; for you owe nature so little."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY AT EDGEWORTH.

Gently the shades of evening fall,
And linger long behind yon hill:
Nature is wrapt in night's dark pall,—
And all is still!
But soon the moon's bright beaming,
Of pale stars' feebler gleaming,
Tinges the landscape of the night;
And all is light!
So thickening gloom hangs o'er my heart,
And deepens into night;
One glance from thee bids all depart,
And there is light!

Yon threatening clouds are coming near;
Anon is heard the awful boom
Of distant thunder here and there,
And all is gloom!
But ere the sun is tinging
Nature with golden fringing,
The black and threat'ning clouds take flight,
And all is light!
So when dark clouds approaching near
Envelop me in night;
One smile from thee dispels all fear,
And there is light!

Beside the oak, a withering flower
Longs for a draught of cooling rain—
A teardrop from some passing shower,—
To bloom again!
A distant cloud is listening
With cooling raindrops glistening
And answers that sweet humble prayer,
And joy is there!
So would I fain present a prayer
To thee, with smiles so bright,
To cool my ardor with love's tear!
Then, 'twill be light!

WILLIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER. XV.

Hitherto I have dealt mainly with those principles of music which are natural, and with them in their natural order: now, a few words about certain artificial matters which man has arranged for convenience in singing and playing.

In days of "auld lang syne," when the clear-headed and sweet-souled, but slow-moving Palestina filled all the chapel of the mighty St. Peter's with his grand and glorious music, and a journey from Rome to Jerusalem was a labor of months, the people seem not to have known exactly *how long* to make their sounds: and in later days, when all New England sang nasal Psalms the half of every Sunday, not daring to kiss wives, children, or husbands, or to ride a horse out of a walk on that holy day, they seem to have been as far from knowing how long to make musical sounds as they have been in the days of Clement Marot and Theodore Beza. And are we, in the middle of the nineteenth century, any wiser on this point than they were? If not absolutely any wiser about the abstract and relative length of sounds we have quicked our pace in music, as we have in the transmission of intelligence and in nearly everything else. Our musical forefathers, the grand old cathedralists of the 15th and 16th centuries, had certain devices to give ideas of the absolute and relative length of sounds. Their longest note was called a *large*; their next a *long*; the next a *breve*; next a *semi-breve*; and next a *minim*. One large was equal in length to two longs, four breves, eight semi-breves, and sixteen minims. In modern days the *semi-breve*, or as it is more properly called the *whole note*, is set down as the longest one used; then follow the *minim*, *crotchet*, *quaver*, semi-quaver, and *demi-semi-quaver*. These bear a proportion to each other similar, no doubt, to that which the ancient *large*, *long*, &c., bore to one another. The breve is a square character; the semi-breve is round, square, diamond, or triangle, but always white, and without a stem; the minim is white, with a stem; the crotchet black, with a stem; the quaver black, with a stem, and a hook at the end of the stem; the semi-quaver is black, with a stem and two hooks; and the demi-semi-quaver is just like the last, only it has three hooks at the end of the stem.

Is there any absolute length for any of the sounds represented by these characters? No; but there is a relative length which must be thoroughly learned, viz.: if a whole note (semi-breve) is sounded 2 seconds, the half note (minim) must be sounded one second; a quarter note, (crotchet) a half second; an eighth note, (quaver) the quarter of a second; a sixteenth note, (semi-quaver) the eighth of a second; and a thirty-second note (demi-semi-quaver) the sixteenth of a second. But how shall a singer or player get at the absolute lenghth of the whole note in any tune? for if this can be done, it will be easy enough to fix the proportion of the other notes. Well, characters called *moods of time* are placed on each staff at the beginning of every tune, and these do something toward determing the length of the notes. Bear in mind that words used in explaining the principles of music have a common sense meaning as well as when they are used in any other way. The word mood means *manner*, as well in music as in grammar, or any thing else. Mood of time then means manner of time, or style of time, i. e. the speed with which a piece of music is to be sung or played. "Of course then the marks of mood will show how fast, or slow, a tune is to be performed?" Not exactly; the *sense* of a piece has to determine that. Here then is the rule absolute concerning the quickness or slowness of a tune: *the sense of the words to which it is adapted; the occasion upon which it is used; the effect meant to be produced by it.* "Portugal" and "Yankee Doodle" are both printed with the same mood of time, but who would think of performing them with the same speed? "Zip Coon" and "Old Hundred" are often printed with the same mood; but the greenest tyro in music would never so violate common sense as to perform both alike in time. (Tho', by the way, it is contended by that enlightened musician, Rev. W. H. Havergal, of England, that Old Hundred was sung much faster 300 years ago than it is now.) Who would suspect, on hearing that solemn, sweet, beautiful tune, "Ganges," sung to

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,"

that he was listening to the very notes which make up most of that wicked tune, "Clare de Kitchen?" And yet several measures of both these tunes are the same. Some twenty years ago Rev. Geo. Coles, of N. Y., composed a beautiful tune, "Duane Street," and published it in the Christian Advocate & Journal with Jas. Montgomery's heart-moving song, "A poor way-faring man of grief." He wrote it in 4-4th time, the slowest mood of time now used. What would that good Methodist preacher have thought, could he have foreseen that said tune would be republished in nearly every violin, flute, and accordeon "Preceptor" in America, and be rung out on every night breeze from Eastport to Astoria, on banjo, horn, and fiddle, for, perhaps the next one hundred years? The tune is so complete in itself, and consequently so flexible, that it can be bent to suit almost any purpose for which a musician may desire it: and yet the mood of time has remained unchanged all the time. I might say more, and very effectively, to illustrate the idea that the sense alone determines the style of musical speed; but the above is enough. Every singer, even those who sing at church only, should study well this principle; then we should not so often hear the sense of our splendid hymns utterly spoiled by unhappily selected tunes, and the style of singing them. I will add at this point, tho' the remark properly belongs to another branch of the subject, that the sense must determine the *force* of the sounds in performing a tune, as well as their length. All *artistes*, as Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Alboni, Madame d' Angri, &c., are guided solely by this principle in preparing for the stage; and hence the effectiveness of their singing. Hence the effectiveness of Ole Bull's violin playing; hence the effectiveness of all artistic performance, over the dull, senseless, monotonous doings of ignorant, self-willed, bigoted, too-wise-to-be-taught Psalm singers. But some times negroes sing corn-songs artistically without knowing it; so do good people, when filled with the Holy Ghost at religious meeting. These all drop the trammels of form and give forth, from full hearts, the sense of what they sing. St. Paul exhorts to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also;" and I have often seen crowds of happy people do this at Methodist camp-meetings, when rolling out the "Promised Land," or the "Old Ship of Zion;" while half taught pretenders, mere snobs in musical attainments, who could perchance muster up a little sorry piano thrumming, but who knew nothing at all of this, *the* great idea of music, went carping about the singing of such low pieces at so fine a camp-meeting, and about the preachers, countenancing it by singing themselves. Just here, as it fits the joint I have prepared, and applies most happily to a great multitude that curse society everywhere with their stupidity and ignorance, I'll quote John G. Saxe's inimitable lines on

PRIDE.

"'Tis a curious fact as ever was known,
But often in human nature shown,
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on feed
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

Of all the notable things on earth
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy:"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, and flings, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Do not be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station:
Do not be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes:
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."

The following scene is recommended to the consideration of our young gents who are cultivating their upper lips:—Amy. "I wonder how it goes to kiss one of those creatures with a horrid moustache?" Fanny. "Why lab, Amy, of course I don't know!"

Amy. "Well, I'm going to get the boot brush, and try it." Amy finds out, and the scene closes.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ARROW DELL, May 1857.

MESSRS EDITORS:—As we have just "put the last button on Gabe's coat" (which means, you understand, that we have nothing to do, and nobody to help us) and fearing that 'Satan' may "find some mischief for idle hands &c." and having a radical aversion to working for his Majesty, as we have always found him to be a hard task-master, we have, after mature deliberation, come to the generous conclusion to let fly an Arrow "Out West" on wings of magnanimity, to help prize "Squire Endor" out of that "three feet of prarie *mud*" 'where he, like Jonah, of old, has been so completely and lamentably "sucked in!" The 'Squire evidently despairs of success, resulting from his own manual efforts to extricate himself from that which "sticketh closer than a brother" and apprehends the terrible calamity of "vegitating" where he stands! and being a particular and very warm friend of the *permanently located* gentleman, we would say, in all friendship and solicitude for his comfort and well-being, that if the original chlorophyll that characterised him, where he formerly "tied up," has been shaken off by long travel, or blown away by westerly winds, and he depricates its reinstatement upon its rightful throne, he may avoid the luxuriant greenness so common to vegitable production, and detrimental to one of his profession, by employing his leisure and mechanical genius in constructing a canopy (something after the fashion of a certain amphibious animal, only built obliquely like the "leaning Tower of Pisa") of the *adhesive* material by which he is so abundantly surrounded, in order to screen him from the Sun's rays which luminary is the principle agent in imparting that refreshing verdancy we so admire until we find it flourishing in the *animal* kingdom.

We have been informed that the people "Out West" are in very much the condition of the skeleton-creature proscribed by the Jews, who was exorted to "perforate the soil with thy proboscis, thou Queen city quadruped, or relinquish thy vitality," but whoever "barters" the 'Squire "away next Fall, for a Ruta Baga turnip," will, emphatically, be in rather *more* "straightened circumstances" than we have ever, in our wildest imaginings, supposed human nature capable of being reduced to by adverse contingencies!

The western soil may possess the power of transmutation, in some degree, but so far as the 'Squire is concerned, we believe conscientiously, "there is a point beyond which" it cannot go, and whatever phenomenon it may produce in the dim future, we venture to say, and we'll "stick to it," that it hasn't the Herculean strength indispensibly requisite to transform the Squire from *brass and bravado* into much "*pumpkin!*"

His lordship is very brave—*very!*—he "won't stand and be sassed by *Miss Florence Fay,*" when he's "three feet deep in prairie mud" and momentarily "taking deeper root downward!" growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," instead of "flourishing like a green bay tree," as the "wicked" usually do when "in *great power!*" We deeply sympathize with the 'Squire's excitement, and think he can better "show himself a man of spirit" by "bristling up to" that western *soil*, instead of Florence, with "proper resentment," because "he was a stranger and it took him in!"

We always disdained to fire at a foe, rendered incapable of exercising his natural propellers for the preservation of his "mortal coil;" and in consideration of the 'Squire's present *sunken* condition, we mercifully forbear to "annihilate him with one of our poisoned shafts," and substitute a "Lilliputian squib," by way of recreation. We don't want to extirpate the legal gentleman, but merely "to have and to hold" him, as we have done for years, for our especial amusement—point blank like a helpless mouse in grimalkin's power! and it's really interesting to behold with what celerity he measures distance, whenever we relax our grasp simply to test his exhausted vitality. We should never be fearful of killing the 'Squire so long as he is at liberty to follow his natural impulse, for we never sent a Gulliver dart after his untrammeled lordship, that didn't hit him—as the innocent son of Holland very beautifully and touchingly remarked—"behind his pack!" and that at too great a distance to be mortal!

We hope the 'Squire will soon get himself "gathered together," or rather, "boasted" from his present tenacious quarters, as we have some curiosity to learn what ingredients are to compose the dose he proposes to administer for the philanthropic purpose of "giving us *fits*;" but whether he will succeed in making it accomplish the object for which it is designed, remains to be revealed, because

"There's many a slip 'twit cup and lip"

and we would softly insinuate to his able Attorneyship, that many a druggett potion has been imbibed by the conspiritor, through ignorance, and he has "fallen into the pit he dug" for another! and we venture the prediction that Esquire Endor is only getting himself "gathered together" to plump from the frying-pan into the fire!

Yours always

FLORENCE FAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ON THE WING Mass. May, 8. '57.

Dear Times;—Would a conversation with you be acceptable around our imaginary family board? Well we shall to the best of our feeble ability give you in miniature our visits to a few prominent places of interest in this section of our country.

After passing a few weeks of quiet rest from the labors and duties incident to our student life in our quiet rural home we spread our wings for the Manchester of America, Lowell. Our home, by the way, overlooks the world ronowned Chelsea Beech than which we feel safe in saying there is no better on this side of the Atlantic.

And in passing, Mr. Editor, allow me to say, if you are ever in the vicinity of Boston fail not to give us a call, and view the magnificent scenery which presents itself to the minds contemplation on every hand. We again walked the streets of Lowell which we did years ago. Old dilapidated buildings had given way to those of a recent and improved style. The factories with which we were connected years agone had altered so much that we would have passed them by without even a nod of recognition, if we had not recalled the latitudes in which they were situated. People have remarked that Lowell has seen its meridian glory—that it is now going down the hill. We deem this a libel on the city of Spindles. An observing mind would be convinced we apprehend of the converse of this remark, if it should compare the general aspect of the interests of this city to-day with what it was ten or twenty years ago. The factories which constitute it what it is have increased amazing within the past ten years. Those that previously existed have been greatly enlarged, showing, it we know anything of progress, a decided advancement. We find also a vast increase in private residences, some of which are in the latest style. While staying at the house of our poetess friend "Lelia Linden" we became acquainted with a gentleman who very kindly invited us to visit the establishment with which he is connected. Such an invitation was peculiarly grateful to us as we have been afflicted for some time with a severe cough whose pertinacity had began to make us somewhat alarmed for the results. We were glad to have the opportunity of seeing where they manufacture the article which has gained a world-wide celebrity for its medical qualities.

According to previous arrangement our kind and gentlemanly friend Mr. B. conducted as through the spacious apartments of *Ayers & Co's.* Cherry Pectoral establishment. It is a large comparatively new building containing five stories. It was quite amusing to follow the articles manufactured consisting of Pills and Cherry Pectoral through the various stages of their manufacture: and then the thought occurred to our mind that these packages lying before us were destined in their effects to carry joy and gladness to thousands of desponding hearts. Possessing somewhat of the Yankee inquisitiveness I desired of my friend Mr. B. to know what the expenditures of the establishment were. He stated that the Company expended annually on advertising alone $4,000; on labor and other incidental expenses $50,000; on the salaries of office clerks $6.000. One hundred and twenty six hands are employed all the time, and during the Winter the works go on all night, and in the Summer, all day.

Ayer's manufactory we think ought to be hailed as a blessing and a boon to those afflicted with the lung complaint. Thousands now are rising up on both sides of the Atlantic and calling them blessed. We only hope that this Balm of Gilead may become still more widely diffused and then shall we hear of less causes of that insinuating disease which is now hurrying thousands of the fair youth of our land down to an early premature grave.

Before leaving Lowell we, in company with "Lelia Linden" paid a visit to the beautiful cemetry which lies to the South East of the city. After entering within its sacred confiens we looked for a cherished spot—a mound where sleeps in quiet repose the remains of one of *North Carolina's* sons. He, with his cousin came from the South about ten years ago with the object of studying the practical workings of the manufacturing system and then go back and build factories on the same plan in their native place. But an alwise Providence interposed. Young R. was not to return. He was taken suddenly ill—he lingered a few weeks, and passed away. Oh, he was one of noble blood—of generous heart, and of impulses such as endeared him to all whom he had gathered round him during his short stay with us. We dropt a silent tear over the quiet resting place and turned from the spot whose suggestions summoned to our presence pleasant, yet sad memories of the past.

Requiescat in pace.

Quiet be thy slumbers, noble boy,
Till thou awake in heavenly joy:
And when the trump shall bid thee rise,
Ascend and meet me in the skies.

The pleasant hours spent with kindred spirits soon fly away, and, ere we are aware, the bell rings for our separation.

We were accordingly soon on our way to the Metropolis again. After a rest, we were again in company with our farther "On the Wing,, to *West Roxbury*, one of the most beautiful and charming sections of country we ever had the pleasure of visiting.

Its scenery is so varied, possessing none of that monotony which is so tiresome to the mind. Every rod presents something new, something interesting.

The most magnificent residences are here to be seen. Here many of the business men of Boston have their residence, which are easy of access after the toils of the day are over, now that the Metropolitan Rail Road is in full operation. We had heard much of Forest Hill's Cemetry, and we had the long desired pleasure of making it a visit at this time. It is extremely rugged in some portions—the rocks stand out as you pass along the avenues so much that you would almost think that there was danger in passing by. The pond presents a very fine appearance. Two swans are seen sailing along in all their majesty—their long white necks rising above the surface of the water not less than four or five feet. There are improvements going on all the time, and for the short time that it has been started—having been consecrated in 1848—it presents a very promising appearance, though on the whole we were somewhat disappointed in its general aspect. All that we can judge of such places as Forest Hill, Woodlawn, &c., is of their natural advantages. When they shall be as old as Mount Auburn now is, we shall be better able to speak of their comparative merits.

This new idea which has recently taken possession of the popular mind is one of the best of modern times. I refer to that of closing up burying grounds in cities, and opening Cemeteries in such delightful spots in the country. It is better both for the living and the dead. It prevents any disease from breeding in our cities from the foul atmosphere which must necessarily rise from tombs etc., in our city burial places; and it affords a much more pleasant retreat for friends to visit the last resting place of their dead, far removed from the noise and bustle of city life.

But I fear I have already exhausted your patience. And in closing, allow me to present my compliments to all the *Times' family.* You will hear from me again soon from the "city of Elms," and for the present,

I am yours.

CLARENCE CARLETON.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

REVIEW OF AN OLD BOOK.

BY D. C. B.

"Old books to read."

Menzel, a German writer, exclaims, "How many books have gone the way of all paper!"—Those glowing structures which the Past beheld arise and shine as the Parnassus' heights before the bewildered gaze of the poet's mind have been concealed by the veil of Time, and have crumbled by disintegration. Ages of earth have had their intellectual heroes who have won the palm, and died in the arms of a fame seeming as lasting as the deep foundations of the earth, yet the march of years has displaced that pristine glory with novel systems and richer songs. Thus the Great Spoiler, Time, finds no cessation to his devastating work, while the sage trembles with the dread of obliviousness as much as he whose limits confine his fame and influence to the few.

"Aequs pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regiumque turres."

Let Croakers of Literature stigmatise, as they may, the idea of "Forgotten Greatness," and disbelieve so extreme an obliviousness, yet the antiquarian delves in the sands of Time for gems; at times the glowing splendor of a brilliant meets his gaze, evincing that "gems of purest ray, serene" still lie hidden in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean," never to be reclaimed. Yet thanks to the occasional relentings of Old Time in affording us stray rays from the once scintillant gleams which had ceased to illumine the world. For thus does our "Old Book" claim its resurrection; and as storms often plunge far beneath the surface for matter to act upon, and uphoist some relic of sunken shipwrecks, so change has brought from dusty oblivion this work—this plank from the wreck.

A centenarian it claims our regard—the regard due to the time-honored. Neat and polished it may once have been, but its external beauties have been obliterated by that hand which tends all things to decay, and which inscribes "Vanity" upon the most durable of earth's possessions. The date is 1749—thus having borne the haps and mishaps of more than a century. Its place of origination, Glasgow, Scotland; its contents varied, yet its *tout ensemble* indicates nothing to enchain the fancy of one accustomed to the modern gilt and highly embellished literature that adorns our libraries. Then *why* notice so antique a volume, and why weary the eye in recognising its deformed pages, and gather from its worm-eaten leaves the dimly remaining thoughts, while around us in plain type and gilded coverings are the coruscations of a myriad minds that have charmed the world? Ah! Reader, too often indeed, is "the world deceived by ornament," and too frequently do we pass by some unfurnished diamond, and grasp at the gilded brass!—But what is it in this Old Book that rivets the gaze upon its dim pages? What thought illumines it, and what charm holds the captivated fancy in fixed attention to it? A charm there *is*, and which makes the reader of it press it to his bosom. Within one of those much used lids are recognised these attractive words: "*A book picked up on the battle-ground at Guilford Court House shortly after the memorable battle of the Revolution.*" Read it again? Truly so. Then was this once an *amulet* worn near the heart to keep it pure, and free from any taint of cowardice or despondency? An *exorcism* to expel such spirits as would provoke fear or infamy? An inspiring *drug* to quell rising trepidations when the battle-storm should have been loudest and most terrific, and when the clouds of despair should have hung darkly and menacingly over the scene? And these crimson blemishes—faintly recognised, yet evident—are they the silent yet expressive indications of the mighty struggle, and the unwavering vindication of a righteous cause, that would compel the life blood of a martyr to attest the hard extremity? Ah! how the hand trembles, and the heart pulsates over it! What pictures does the excited imagination evolve by the sight of this undeniable trophy!

Dear as it may be by association, it is none the less precious in its contents. The first twenty pages comprise a Sermon preached by "Rev. John Ballfour, minister of the gospel at Nigg, in the shire of Ross"—concerning Religious Conference, from Mal. III 16.—"*Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another &c.*" Did space allow it, extracts could be made from this which would satisfy the reader of its merits. But as *a whole* it should be viewed to gain a full recognition of the mastery of arguments adduced, the terseness of expression, the vigerous pertinence of every remark, the deep and solemn earnestness of every appeal, and especially, the aptitude of it to the wants of a race of men who would place their trust in no earthly prince but relied upon Him who could make their crooked paths straight, and could illumine the dark ways which they were destined to tread. Richly deserving was it of the position it occupied, and equally undeserving the fate of an entire removal from the world. Then follow "The Shorter Catechism divided for the use of the young people of Glasgow;"—Exhortations from many passages of the Scriptures;—Extracts from Flavel, Brooks, Guthrie &c;—Extracts from "Fair Warnings;"—Letter from the Earl of Marlborough before his death at sea, 1665;—Testimonies of Ancient Philosophers to the Reality of Religion;—Testimonies of Kings, Emperors, Statesmen, Politicians, of the nobility, of Men of Learning, of Modern Philosophers and of Poets; Letters from England; Letters from America, &c. Almost numberless are the striking thoughts, the forcible appeals and interesting facts contained within the worn lids of this book. But enough has been given to characterise the men of the time, and their reliance when they went to the battle-field.

Here a digression may be admissable to remark the materials of which our state history is composed. A written and combined history it is not, but it is found in family records and church statistics; in traditionary stories and newspaper paragraphs; in the results of arduous *local* research and in accidental discoveries; and in *Sketches* of parts of its domain, honorable indeed in the attempts to sweep away the dust of oblivion form names and deeds which will not die,—all confusedly and partially indicating what was enacted within the confines of that state *where liberty first arose.* Strange and unaccountable lethargy! Yet the present generation has cause of rejoicing in the hopes that an historical monument will soon be erected which will celebrate the deeds of valor, and depict the woes of their race which beheld the dawn of our glorious existence. As the ascent of lofty mountains reveals regions to be minutely explored, and provokes, by a *general* view, a *particular* investigation, so an enlarged conception of the demands of a state for the support of the dignity, glory and real advantage of her people, urges a zealous inquisition of those primal elements of which was composed the imposing fabric that now shelters and protects the descendants of heroes. And it shall be resolved!

"My Faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end,"

But to return to the subject of this article. What interest connects the preceding antiquated work with our State? Much that an observer of our present condition must perceive. It exemplifies a prevailing spirit among the armigerents who grappled with an aggressive power. They were coping with enemies who were, unconsciously it may be, endeavoring to smother a fire that was kindled in the glens of Scotland and among Waldensian crags. They had learned from martyred lips the sacredness of civil and religious liberty. Tutored, either personally or by parentage, amid scenes which blacken the scroll of history with bloodshed and the torture of men struggling for freedom's glorious prize,—the unfettered and unrestrained conscience,—they were willing to re-enact the tragical and harrowing dramas when the castled crags of Piedmont rang with the hymns of triumph sung by noble martyrs while burning at the stake. The cruel bigotry, and its consquent persecutions which moved to the up-heaving of Europe, and whose iron-handed, and iron hearted despotism crushed myriads of priceless lives—were not forgotten. The mother sang a nursery song of its horrors to the impressible mind of her child, and the father mournfully repeated traditions of those dear ones whose lives were witnesses to their faithfulness—until the lisping and embryo hero learnt the solemn invocation,

"Avenge, oh God thy slaughtered saints!"

Thus were nurtured heroes for the day of bloody resistance, and who when the dark and ominous clouds of oppression overhung their homes,—no longer Arcadian homes—vowed deep and long that they would be free. Then what was their refuge? The teachings of that Divinity which watches over the affairs of the most unobserved creature as well as of the most powerful nation became their constant guide. The Bible was their hope—the anchor of their souls. And this fact forms the most beautiful episode in our State's history. When called forth to the battle-field, when compelled to a "Declaration of Right," when overcome by opposing armies, and the heavens threatened desolation and death, then shone forth the star of Christianity whose soft light gleamed over the scene and was powerful in dispelling dark heavens, and gloomy pathways, and in braving each soldier's heart, making him "feel within his single arm the strength of all his race."

There is a beautiful ancient fiction of the colossal Temple of *Honor*, whose only mode of access was through the portals of the Temple of *Virtue.* An apt exemplification of the principles of such men as are here spoken of. Born to accomplish destinies which would materially affect the interests of the entire world, and which would place their names high on Fame's triumphal arch, they were prepared by an initiation into the sacred qualities which make and adorn heroes.

Their hard-won tuition had not been acquired in vain, and the remembrance of wrongs inflicted in other lands nerved their arms,

"And who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the onward race!"

In the language of another; "The sparkling springs that were unsealed in the deep glens of Scotland, the broad meadows of England, and the green fields of Ireland,—all gathered their mighty tide in one great torrent of strength, and bursting through the deep water-gaps of Revolutions, Alpheus-like, passed under the broad ocean, and gurgled up to light in those heroic scenes which link in glorious span the smoke of Bunker Hill with the flashing triumph of Yorktown."

And here too, in our history, is a forcible recognition of the sacred truth that "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The stern vindication of a righteous cause by warriors clad in weapons of warfare as impregnable as adamantine barracks—the consciousness of the justice of their cause and that the God of battles was their sure and faithful circumvallation—resulted in glorious victory. With such they were the instruments in establishing a government under whose benign sway the remote lands of earth shall be civilised and christianised and which shall yet, at no distant epoch, recline under the same Tree of Liberty whose branches shall overshadow the world.

Compare the workings of other nations whose motives and reliances were the reverse. France, in the last century, depending upon "*human* intelligence, which is about as likely by its own light to discern the way to wisdom's treasure-house, as the poor mariner, in frailest wicker-boat, by a feeble rushlight, safely to track the dark tempestuous ocean," conceived utopian schemes that fascinated thousands of oppressed souls with the hope that the scathing, scorching, sun of despotism had forever sunken, and that a new and glorious dawn was lightning their skies, but all was founded on chimerical theories, infidel and irreligious, the emanations and coruscations of poor human intellect that would set aside dependence upon the Ruler of the universe, and the end proved their utter inefficiency, their schemes death-pangs to their own existence,—their theories wasted by the extinction of their own advocates,—their hopes blasted, and their utopias "vanished, the mere auroras of the *mind.*" America and France, more than half century ago, exhibited directly antithetical conditions. The one, with the Bible, was ever the victor in war, and encircled with the halo of glory in peace;—the other, with all forms of infidelity, was shrouded in the blackness of crime, misery and woe. The one, a Phoenix, self-creating and self-governing; the other, a gormand Molock whose voracious cruelty devoured its myriads of victims and was never satiated. The one, illumined by "a more sure word of prophecy" which was "a light that shineth in a dark place;" the other, following "cunningly devised fables" whose end darken the mind and cast a gloom upon the soul. The one exalted by righteousness; the other reproached on account of sin.

But those heroes who with paternal affection, bequethed to us the precious legacy we now enjoy, are no more among us. The minds of many years have chanted their requiems and our hearts respond with a solemn veneration of their memory. Their works are not lost, but they follow them and their cherished *talisman* still remain. May their names and their talisman be alike endearing as eternity!

"And that pale, pilgrim band is gone,
That on this shore with trembling trod;
Ready to faint, yet bearing on,
The ARK of FREEDOM and of GOD."

CHERAW AND COAL FIELDS RAILROAD.—A correspondent at Carthage (Moore county) writes to the Fayetteville *Observer*, that on the 6th inst., "Mr. McDuffie, Engineer, with his company, commenced the survey of the Cheraw and Coal Fields Railroad at Carthage. He is now laying off the route from this point to Deep River. Next week he expects to commence laying out the line from Carthage to Cheraw. This is to be an air-line survey from the Coal Fields on Deep River, via Carthage, to Cheraw.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Dunmow Flitch of Bacon.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."
Gray.

In this age of universal progress, when we are all so apt to forget what our ancestors have done and even suffered for us, in the days of the Past, it is of great advantage to turn our eyes backward, to search among dusty records and to learn to admire something that was done in the "olden time." It is not too much to say that the prevalent idea, that the present day sees our race happier and better than all who have preceded them, is essentially wrong. We should examine more closely into the lives and customs of our ancestry, and we shall find in their primitive simplicity, ignorance, it may be, many circumstances to prove that under a roof of thatch dwelt that happy content a Charles V in vain gave up a half of Europe to secure; beneath many a coarse vest flourished "as much virtue as could live," and though that brave heart beat not beneath the blaze of jewels its gentle radiance shed a pure light, a holy joy, around the lowly hearth.

Let us not then look coldly on the simple manners of the olden time; though they have long since

"—— gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were
The school boy's dream, the wonder of an hour"—

they may yet yield us ample instruction. The following account of "The Flitch of Bacon" is taken from a late English work; hoping that if the custom still survived, at least *some* of our friends would abide the test, I submit it for the entertainment of your readers.

This custom is generally supposed to be exclusively attached to Dunmow, an ancient priory, in Essex, but it also prevailed at Tutbury, in Staffordshire; and a more extended and accurate research might prove that it existed in many other localities and was but the shadow of some older custom. Dugale thus quaintly describes it from an Ancient Parliament Roll, of the time of Henry VIII: Sir Philip Somerville held several manors of the Earl of Leicester, then lord of the manor of Tutbury, by two small fees: Nevertheless the said Sir Philip shall fynde, meyntienge and susteigne. One bacon flyke, hanging in his hall, redy arrayede att times of the yere, bott in Lent, to be given to everyche mane or womane married, and to everyche mane of Religion, &c., in forme followyng: whensoever that ony suche byfore named wylle come for to enquire for the Baconne, they shall come to the baillype or to the porter, and shall say to them in the manere as ensewethe:

"'Rayliffe, I doo you to knowe that I am come to demande one Bacon flyke, hanging in your Lord's halle, after forme thereunto belongyng.'"

The ancient Roll then goes on to recite at great length the minutiæ of the ceremony, providing that against a set day the bailiff shall summon all the tenants to be ready to do and perform the services they owe to the Bacon. The day and the man having come, chaplets are to be given him and his fellows and to all those, who shall be there to do their rightful service. The said demandant is then to be led with trumps and tabors and other manner of minstrelsy to the Hall door where the lord or his steward is to be found. The proper inquiries being then made and substantiated by the oath of two of his neighbors, the bacon "shall be take downe and broglite to the halle-dore and shall be layd upon one half a quarter of wheatte and other of rye. And he that demandeth the baconne shall kneel and shall holde his right hand upon a booke, which booke shall be layde above the baconne and the corne and shall make othe in this manere:

"'Here ye, Sir Philippe de Somerville Lord of this manor, mayntener and gyner of this baconne, that I, A——, sith I wedded B——, my wife, and sythe I hadde hyr in my keping and at my wylle by a yere and a day after our mariage, I wold not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, rycher ne pourer, ne for none other, descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne wakyng, at noo time. And yf the scid B—— were sole and I sole I wolde take her to be my wyfe, before alle the wymen of the worlde, of what condiciones soever they be, good or evrylle; as help me God and his seyntis and this fleshe and all fleshes.'"

At Dunmow priory the details were somewhat different; the demandant kneeling on two hard pointed stones, which may yet be seen in the churchyard, and taking his oath before the prior and his convent, with the whole town; after which he was carried on men's shoulders about the churchyard and through the town; the bacon borne before him and the whole population following with shouts and acclamations. The records of the House show that at different times three several persons have thus borne off the flitch. The last time this premium on conjugal love and fidelity was ever received, was on June 20th, 1750, by John Shakeshauks, wool comber, and Anne, his wife, of Wethersfield.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA:—The Oxygenated Bitters have been fairly tested in some of the worst cases of Dyspepsia among our own citizens, and proved to be the best remedy ever discovered for the cure of this troublesome disease.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, May 20.

Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@20; Coffee 16½; Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.00@1.10 Meal 1.00@1.10; Chickens 10@12½; Eggs 10; Feathers 35@40; Flour 5.50@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 1.00@; Lard 13@14; Molasses 75@70; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 85@1.00, white 100@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.00@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.12; Hay 75@1.00Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, May 19.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 14 @, western sides 13@14, western shoulders 11@11, hams 14@15; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 22@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 75@1.00; Cotton 12@13½; Coffee, rio 11½a12, laguna 12@13: Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.00@0.00, extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 7.50, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 90@1.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 44@45; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@ ; Oats 38@40; Rosin, no. 1, 1.32@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 85@90, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 42a42; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.55a0.00, hard 1 55a0.00; Tar 1.40a0.00; Wheat, red 1.40@1.45, white 145@1.50

NORFOLK MARKET, May 18.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 14@18½, noground 14@, western sides 12a13; shoulders 11½; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 23@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 78@88, mixed 60@62, yellow 64@65; Coffee, rio 11@12½, laguira 13; Candles, adamantine 26@29; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb, 200@2.25, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb, 5½@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7 30, superfine 7.50@0.00, extra 8.00@0.00, family 7@8½; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ₱ ton 75.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 13@14; Lime 1.25@1.25; Molasses 85@80; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.65@1.75, ground alum 1.12@1.00, blown 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@14, crushed 15½@00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4 00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 29.00@30.00, H. O. hhd. 42.00@00.00, do heading 45.00@48.00; Soap, brown 4½a5, yellow 5½@6½; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.45@1.50; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50a8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75a4.50.

BALTIMORE, May 16.—Flour is quiet, with more sellers than buyers, and the sales are light; Howard street $6.75, City Mills is held at $6.87, but no buyers at that figure; Ohio is held at $6.75.

Wheat is dull and sales are nominal; ordinary to good white $1.70@180—choice $1.90.

Corn is unchanged and firm: white 80@82c., and yellow 82a83c.

Whiskey is firm, with a light supply—City 34c, and Ohio 35c.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Flour—The market to-day was firmer, with sales of 6,000 barrels of ten cents on State: Southern unchanged—common to good State at $6.40a6.50; and Southern at $7.00a7.50 for mixed to good standard brands.

Wheat—The market was firm, with sales of 7,000 bushels at former rates—Canadian white 180 cents; Illinois red 160 cents; Southern fair white 173 cents.

Corn—The market was buoyant, with sales of 37,000 bushels at an advance of 2 cents on mixed and 1 cent on white and yellow—88 cents for mixed; white and yellow 91.

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. C. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Dark Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter,
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Wetherfield Prem flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Salia,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora,
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.
MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Cantelope,
Nasturtium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Setts Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White,
PARSLEY.
Myatt's Garnishing,
Plain,
Curled
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth.
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed,
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS,
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or June,
Dwarf Sugar,
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top,
White Turnip,
RHUBURB,
Mytt's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majorum,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co.'s Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Eng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.—The Subscribers continue to manufacture Agricultural Machines and Implements, of the most approved patterns and superior workmanship. They ask attention to "Cardwell's Horse Power and Thresher," single and double geared, with separator if required, which have taken a premium at every Fair at which they have been exhibited.

ALSO,

Croskill's Clod Crusher;
Many,s Improved Reapir and Mower, the best in use;
Rich's Iron Beam Plow, highly approved;
Seymour & Sages Broad Cast Grain Sowers
Magic Corn and Cob Mill, an excellent machine;
Reynold's Wheat Fans, and several other patterns;
Corn Shellers, Hand and Horse Power, from $10 to$35;
Hay Presses; Wheat Drills; Corn Planters
Cider Mills; Grain Cradles; Hay Rakes; Harrow;
Grain Gleaners; Tobacco Mills, &c., &c.

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Wilmington, N. C. 1:17.

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev, C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by *Jeannie.*

LIZZIE LEE, by *Stella Steele.*

NED PERCY; OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchenson.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON; OR THE TRULY GOOD, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; OR, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by *Ina Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILLE; OR, CONSTANCY REWARDED, by *Charles M. Tenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—*Their present appearance and Commercial prospect*, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive at least

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THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION:—The grand Semi-Centennial celebration was opened on Wednesday 13th inst., by a vast assemblage, coming chiefly from Norfolk and Portsmouth, Petersburg and Richmond; and from the Ancient Capital of Williamsburg, and from the counties within the Peninsula between the James and the York; from Washington, Bakimore, New York, and other remote points in Virginia and her sister States. It is estimated that seven thousand persons, including sixteen military companies, participated in the celebration. Ex-President Tyler, the orator of the day, occupied two hours and a half in the delivery of the oration. Gov. Wise also spoke in response of the multitude. James Barron Hope, Esq., recited a Poem written by himself for the occasion, with thrilling effect. The impassioned tone and gesture with which he accompanied the delivery, "suiting the action to the word" in a chaste dramatic style, told upon the feelings of the audience most powerfully; and the sternest natures were softened to tears, or roused to vengeance by the magic spell of the accomplished poet.

A display of fireworks and a grand ball terminated the ceremonies in the evening. There were sixteen steamers gayly decked with flags anchored at the island during the celebration.

HIGH PRICE FOR NEGROES.—At Marion, Perry county, Alabama, on Monday, 4th. inst, two negroes, well borers, were sold on the block, and brought the snug sum of four thousand and seventy-five dollars.

AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON:—The report is affirmed that an attempt was really made to kill the Emperor, and that the ball struck a coat of mail, which he wears, and glanced off. A hundred persons were forthwith arrested, and confined in prison. The Emperor himself, though a professed fatalist and a very brave man, thought it prudent to abstain from public assemblages for a time, and was about to leave Paris for his country residence at St. Cloud.

The New York Herald, in a commentary on the attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, thus speaks of the importance of his life to the world:

"He is scarcely less powerful in Spain than in France, and his death would be the severest possible blow to the government of Queen Isabella. The settlement of the Spanish Mexican dispute seems to rest with him. He occupies Rome, and were he dead, the Pope would not remain thirty days in the Holy City. But for fear of him, the bully, Austria, would have ere this followed up the recall of her ambassador from Turin by overt hostilities against Piedmont. But for fear of him, the King of Prussia would have pushed the Neufchatel quarrel to an extreme, and fought with the Swiss. He is negotiating a treaty of perpetual peace between Turkey and Persia; he is guiding the allied movements against China; he is putting into Russia's hand the means of building her railroads. He is maintaining the Anglo-French alliance by the sole power of his will and his constancy. If the ball which struck him the other night had not met a coat of mail, it would have filled Europe from end to end with an explosion which would have reverberated from side to side of the world."

TEXAS FLOUR.—The Galveston Civilian thinks Texas flour far superior to the Northern article for Southern use; that it will remain sweet much longer in that climate, and that in no respect is it inferior to the best Northern brands—and recommends ship owners to transport it to the coffee growing regions as valuable freight, to exchange for tropical productions.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—An experiment was made at the Gosport navy yard, on Tuesday morning, of one of the portable army boats, for camels invented by Capt. Buchanan, of the United States Navy. They are constructed of canvas stretched over a skeleton frame of wood; and although they are so light that two of them, of the largest size, with the oars and flooring, may be easily transported on the back of a single mule, they will carry as many as twenty men.

The boat with which the experiment was tried is of small size, intended to carry ten men. Nine persons were placed on board, and with them she moved over the water with buoyancy and rapidity.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.—This body assembled at Louisville on the 8th instant, and chose the Rev. Dr. Howell, of Va., president, the Rev. J. B. Jeter, of the same State, first vice president. Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, of Maryland, is one of the Secretaries. All the Southern States are represented, about one hundred and fifty delegates being present. They formerly co-operated with Northern Baptists in all benevolent objects, but they withdrew several years since in consequence of the slavery agitation. The foreign missions supported by this body are all in China and Africa. The amount collected for this object the past year is $36,462 62. Present liabilities $4.800.

A VOLCANO IN GEORGIA.—In Walker county, Ga., about ten miles from the town of Lafayette, a volcano has come to life in Pigeon Mountain, which has been showing signs of eruption since 1856. A letter in the Augusta Chronicle, says:

About midnight, on the 24th, the earth was violently agitated several times. The citizens in the vicinity were aroused and terribly frightened by the commotion. When observing the mountain, they were more than ever frightened, for a brilliant light was plainly seen issuing from the summit. The atmosphere soon became strongly impregnated with a disagreeable sulphuric odor. On the following day a thick torrent of smoke and ashes ascended from where this light was previously seen. The smoke was not visible at night. This was perhaps owing to the elements covered at the time with a very dark cloud. No blaze has yet been seen to issue from the crater.

FROM MEXICO.—By an arrival at New Orleans, we have Vera Cruz advices to the 1st inst.

The chief topic of discussion at Vera Cruz was the threatened Spanish invasion. The Progresso says that preparations for defence have a long time been in progress, and that the invaders will not find them unprepared. It does not think it prudent to give publicity to the details, but it assures its readers on reliable authority, that the day of trial will find them, so far as material defences are concerned, prepared to meet the aggressor.

Advices from the city of Mexico are to the 26th, up to which date we have full files. The great struggle between the civil and ecclesiastical powers has taken an entirely new turn, the Archbishop, to the surprise of every body, leaving President Comonfort far behind in the work of Church reform. The occasion was a decree of the Government which revived an ancient law, providing in certain cases for religious services to the poor free of charge. So far from resisting it, the Archbishop immediately issued a formal circular letter, not only confirming the law, but in effect making the priesthood henceforth dependent upon voluntary contributions, instead of compulsory dues, imposed by the civil authority.

The Mexican Extraordinary, alluding to vague rumors in reference to the rejection of the Forsyth treaties and the recall of our Minister, says that, enjoying the unreserved confidence of the Administration, Mr. Forsyth "will be kept at his post to carry out the policy which he has inaugurated, by closer, more friendly, and reciprocally beneficial relations between the neighboring republics."

THE FLORIDA WAR.

Just at the point when the scouting expeditions in Florida are about to be entirely successful, Gen. Harney has been recalled, and it is rumored that hostilities will be suspended. With this the people of Florida are not satisfied, and a public meeting was to have been held at Tallahassee on the 9th inst. to take the matter into consideration and remonstrate against any change in the policy adopted by the late Administration.

The *Key of the Gulf* (Key West,) of the 22d ult., after alluding to the various reports of Indian operations in Florida, says:

Such are a few of our Indian rumors—to correct which we have exerted ourselves to accumulate a few facts.

First, then, a careful comparison of all the information which the past five years have developed, renders it nearly certain that the number of men and boys among the Indians, capable of bearing arms, does not exceed one hundred and seventy, and that the women far outnumber the men.

When Gen. Harney commenced active operations about the first of January last, the Indians were in bands of six or eight families, and scattered over the whole Southern portion of the Peninsular. He at once called into the field his force of Florida Volunteers, who thoroughly scoured the entire country between Tampa Bay, Fort Capron, and the Ca-loos-a-hatchee, while regular troops, about sixteen companies, acting in detachments, thoroughly explored the Big Cypress. Eleven companies, in three hundred boats, examined the islands and coasts from Key Largo on the Atlantic to Charlotte Harbor on the Gulf, with all the estuaries and streams and the entire Everglades.

Open boats of ten tons were transported upon wheels across the country and launched upon the Ocko-cho-bee, to supply the military posts and the depot of provisions established upon its borders. This sheet of water is navigable for boats drawing ten feet. The Kis-sim-mee and Lake Estopoga and their shores were scoured by two boat companies. Regulars and volunteers were kept constantly scouting, and exhibited a noble rivalry in the service, the hardships of which may be somewhat understood from the fact that the boat expedition formed a continuous scout of fifty miles in the Glades, hauling their boats over the entire distance, while another officer conducted his command, without guides or maps, from the coast, behind Marco Inlet, near Cape Romano, overland, to Fort Myers.

We have examined the map of the routes and labors of these troops during the three months of their operations, and we can confidently assert that an equal amount of labor, and judicious labor, too, has never before been performed in one compaign by any troops, however numerous. Indian haunts, so intricate and unapproachable as to have hitherto eluded discovery, haunts in which their families and corn fields have securely existed, have been penetrated; and 30 villages and encampments, with numerous fields and gardens of grain and vegetables have been destroyed. Harney organized a weekly mail between Fort Myers and every post in the Indian country and on the coast. But five of the enemy have been killed, and three women and two children captured; but they have been pressed in every quarter of the peninsula, and have only eluded capture by separating and fleeing before our active scouts from one temporary hiding place to another.

The captives report that the Indians have been unable to live a single hour in security, or to plant, since our operations commenced, and that ten of their men have been killed and many others wounded.

We are convinced that the Indians are now in a condition to be operated upon, by the overtures of Jumper and his warriors, who are looked for at Tampa; but be this as it may, it is impossible that they can hold out for any length of time against such efforts as have been made to catch them.

OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY THE MORMANS.—The Washington correspondent of the New Yor Times communicates some interesting news from Salt Lake City. We copy the following statement of alleged outrages perpetrated by Mormons against those whom they look upon as unfriendly to them:

Numbers of houses had been torn down, and their occupants thus turned out into the open air to suffer the rigors of the past severe winter. Among these sufferers was one woman who was entirely without a protector, and with three little children, one of them a nursing infant. The houses occupied by Judge Stiles and Thos. S. Williams were also destroyed by incendiarism. Mr. Stiles is the only federal judge remaining in the territory, and Mr. Williams a lawyer who had incurred the displeasure of the heads of the Mormon church by his manly independence.

There have been threats of late to murder the surveyor general, Judge Stiles, and the United States Indian agent, the only acting United States officers remaining in the territory, and their position had become so precarious at last accounts that in all probability they are now on their way to the States.

COMMENCEMENT AT CHAPEL HILL.—The approaching Commencement at the University will probably be the most brilliant an imposing one that has ever taken place. Henry W. Miller, Esq., will address the two Societies; Gov. Warren Winslow will address the Alumni Association; Bishop Otey, of Tenn., will deliver the Valadictory Sermon; and Dr. Hawks will deliver an address before the Historical Society.

Ample preparations will no doubt be made, to entertain the large throng of persons of both sexes who will be present.

We learn that the graduating class will number about seventy young gentlemen—the largest number yet reached by the University.—*Standard.*

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The State of Michigan has established a College of Agriculture, on a farm of seven hundred fertile acres, near the city of Lansing, where the State capitol is located Joseph R. Williams, late editor of the Toledo Blade, is President. It has an endowment of $56,000, the proceeds of the Salt Spring lands originally given to Michigan Territory by the federal government. The legislature has appropriated $20,000 per annum for two years to the support of the college. Their are already accommodations for eighty students. No charge is now made for tuition, but each student is required to work three hours per day, for which he is paid.

FAMINE IN KENTUCKY:—Great distress is said to prevail in parts of Russell and adjoining counties in Kentucky, owing to the scarcity and high price of provisions. There is but very little grain or meat in that section to be purchased at any price; and while many families are in a destitute condition as regards food, many are actually in a state bordering on starvation. A public meeting was held at Jamestown last week to devise some plan by which the necessities of the sufferers could be relieved, and liberal donations were made, with the view of sending to Nashville for provisions.

SCARCITY OF CORN:—We make an extract from a private letter, dated Norfolk, Va., May 12.

"We regret to find the large and very increasing demand for corn from us here, all up your way; it looks bad that necessity forces it at so great a cost. We are scarcely supplied ourselves, which makes it worse. The shipments from this port in all directions the first quarter barely exceed 250,000 bushels against fully 1,250,000, same time last year. We fear thus early in the season it will or must force it very high, and whether we are to get its place filled elsewhere is a matter of very great doubt. The very late and backward Sping also injures us. The growing wheat here looks very flourishing."

THE MAMMOTH DINNER.—The Memphis *Appeal* gives an account of the largest dinner ever given in the Southern States, perhaps in the Union—that at the recent railroad celebration at the Navy Yard at Memphis.

To give some adequate idea of this immense dining we may particularize some of the articles provided:

There were 8,000 plates and dishes in which the dinner was served: 10 bbls potatoes; 2,500 lb beef and mutton; 400 chickens; 75 hams: 18 large baskets of salad; 125 turkeys; 60 pigs; 400 to 500 lbs. cake; 180 beef tongues; raisins, almonds, oranges, &c., in due proportion; 12 barrels of ice water.

The table upon which this mammoth dinner was served was over three-quarters of a mile long; and from fifteen to twenty thousand persons partook of it.

FILLIBUSTERING DON'T PAY.—That fillibustering in the United is not a good investment upon the capital paid in, and the passion and sentiment expended, is proved by the fact that while Americans have never undertaken a national war that has failed, they have never undertaken a marauding expedition that has succeeded. The "Albany Journal" gives the following as proof:

"McKenzie's 'Patriot War' in Canada failed, and its victims were transported or shot. Lopez's foray in Cuba failed, and he perished by the garrote. The Sonora expedition failed, and the bones of its deluded members are bleaching on the plains. The Nicaragua expedition has failed at last, also. Walker is cooped up and starving, while his men are begging their way back home, through New York and New Orleans."

PETERSBURG COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—The Rev. Mr. Christian, says the Raleigh *Register*, Principal of the Methodist Female Seminary in this city, has received and accepted the appointment of President of the Petersburg Collegiate Institute. We congratulate the officers and all interested in that School on the happy selection they have made; but while Mr. Christian's acceptance may be a matter of congratulation with them, his removal from this city will create vacancy which it will be hard indeed to fill, for he is a man of most exemplary piety, and beloved by all who know him.

☞ We anticipate a little our usual day of publication and go to press on Tuesday evening. Notwithstanding the immense rains and the *very cold* weather, quite a number are in attendance on Court and the prospect is good, judging from the present arrival, for College commencement.

TRIFLES.

The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events and the changes of empires are founded in causes, very generally, which would be pronounced trifles by the world.

Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries we have. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clue to gravitation: the rising up of the lid of a tea-kettle gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things; not to speak of the steam press, that, combined, put the world centuries ahead in the mysteries of the universe and the purposes of God.

To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

To grasp
A thing impalpable, and hold, it was
Once considered wild impossibility,
Until Daguerre, with heaven aspiring might
Captured a shadow with a ray of light,
And chained it down forever.

By a trifling loan of money from the great actor Talma to Napoleon, in a time of need, the face of Europe was changed—millions of men perished—thrones were emptied—Wellington was made a Duke—Moscow was burned, and France made a despotism at the present time; for Napoleon was on the brink of suicide—a nameless adventurer—when Talma gave him this assistance.

The foundation of the Roman Empire was a cunning trick in an individual combat or duel. American liberty and thirty-one glorious States arose from a strong cup of tea made by the Bostonians in 1775. A little piece of magnetized steel led to the discovery of a new world. The erection of a saw mill in California changed the currency of the world. The crossing of a little stream of water subverted the liberties of Rome and gave the name of Brutus immortality. The flying of a common paper kite by a printer gave us the magnetic telegraph. The eating of an apple in the garden of Eden, brought sin and death into the world; the giving away of a golden apple caused a ten years' war and the fall of Troy.

A delay of five minutes saved the lives of Napoleon the First and his family from an "infernal machine" in the streets of Paris. A delay of two minutes once cost about fifty lives on an American railroad. The exportation of a few potatoes from America, by Sir Walter Raleigh, has saved the Irish nation several times from starvation. From a little acron the great American forests have sprung.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

It is impossible to enumerate, especially in a newspaper article, the numberless "trifles" that have produced numberless great events, and made numberless radical changes in the history and destiny of the world. Suffice it to say, that "trifles" are not to be scoffed at. The world may learn great, and true, and valuable lessons from these same "trifles." The fable of the lion who was released from his prison by a mouse, was written by a great man—upon a less foundation than this there has been erected deathless poetry, wonderful tragedies, and many noble novels.

Hold nothing in contempt; nothing contemptible ever came from the hands of the Almighty. The worlds which the microscope has revealed to us in the drop of water, are as wonderful and mysterious as the bright and beautiful worlds brought to our eyes by the telescope. The loathsome caterpillar which we long to crush beneath our feet, will one day be a beautiful creature, with rainbows for its wings. The little pool of dirty water into which we have stepped, and upon which we pour our vials of wrath in many a deep-muttered anathema and malediction for having obscured the glory of our boots, will be woven into a bright and beautifully embroidered veil, on the miraculous Sun, for the face of the queen who trails her robe of light among the countless stars. The perusal and observance of a single book, called the Bible, every leaf of the new portion of which has had a sacred baptism in the blood of Jesus of Nazareth, will lead the soul—the only immortal thing in the universe save its maker—out of the shadows and darkness of dust, and fit it for an audience, (yea, though it be the soul of a beggar,) with the "King of Kings."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Edgeworth Female Seminary.

The annual Examination of this Institution will commence on Tuesday May 26th and continue three days.

Concert on Wednesday Night.

Graduating Exercises on Thursday night.

The Annual Address will be delivered on Thursday night by R. R. Howison Esq. of Richmond Va.

The medals will be conferred by W. L. Scott Esq. of Greensboro.

RICHARD STERLING.

SOUTHETN MANUFACTORY.

It always gives us a great pleasure to refer to any home manufactory or enterprise. And more especially when our Southern fabrics surpass in quality and cheapness, those formerly obtained solely in the Northern cities.

We are led to these remarks by the receipt of a present from Messrs. Rowland & Brothers Norfolk, Va. And this present is nothing more nor less than a forty five pound box of the best Turpentine Soap ever brought to our market. We have tested it sufficiently and actually prefer it for "the toilett" to the cakes so generally used every where for that purpose. It is hard and pleasantly flavored, and twenty cents worth will last any decent man twelve months. Will not our merchants everywhere try the sale of one box as an experiment. We venture our words it will take. See our market quotation for the price.

CHATHAM:—The Magistrates of Chatham county have fixed upon $50,000 as a county subscription to the Western Railroad, and have directed the question of subscription to be submitted to the people on the 6th of August.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

CURES BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

From the BOSTON EVENING TRAVELLER, Jan. 6.

"It is perhaps but a simple act of justice to the proprietors of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* for us to say, that *our personal experience*, in the use of this article, has impressed us favorably. One of the proprietors of the *Traveller* was entirely cured of a severe cough of four months' continuance, by the use of this Balsam, and several of our friends and acquaintance, who have tried the article, have found it of great service in relieving them of severe coughs and shortness of breathing, with which they had been afflicted."

None genuine unless signed I BUTTS on the wrapper.

Sold by Agents every where.

☞ We are authorized to announce LYNDON SWAIM, as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk of Guilford.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Whereas an inscrutable God whose summons all must obey, in Wisdom and mercy has removed from us, our dearly beloved Brother, THOMAS SCOTT; who has for some time been a member of this Lodge.

Resolved 1. That it is with feelings of deepest regret, we have received the painful intelligence of the death of our Brother, but while we thus deplore his loss, we humbly bow and meekly submit to the will of Him, who doeth all things well.

Resolved 2. That we sympathise most deeply with the family of the deceased and would fain offer them all the consolation that human sympathy can afford, but in view of its insufficiency to comfort, we commend them to that merciful being, whose hand has dealt the blow, and who alone can heal the wound.

Resolved 3. That the members wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

Resolve, That these resolutions be entered on our records, a copy of same sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the Patriot and Flagg and Times for publication.

T. M. Whittington,
J. A. Houston,
T. J. Patrick,
W. S. Hill,
J. F. Jollie,
J. F. Howlett. } Com.

MARRIED,

In Baltimore, Md., on the 12d inst., by Rev. H. Hockheimer, Mr. SAMUEL ARCHER, of this place, to Miss HENRIETTA ROSENSTOCK, of that city.

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State.

Prices varying from **$1.00 to $10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Silicinated process.

Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.

May 6. A. STARRETT.

BRITTAIN'S HOTEL, GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.—The Subscriber having purchased the Hotel establishment lately known as the Bland House, and having thoroughly renovated the same, will, on the 18th inst., be prepared for the entertainment of those who may be pleased to call upon him. If a plentiful and well-served Table, and pleasantly furnished Rooms, can afford rest and comfort to the Traveler and Boarder, he trusts that his guests will not be disappointed in his house. And horsefleah shall not suffer, in his Stable, for want of provender or attention.

WILLIAM H. BRITTAIN.

May, 1857. 70—3w

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by E. W. OGBURN.

NEW JEWELRY STORE:—THE Subscriber respectfully informs the people of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has permanently located himself in the establishment known as Mr. A. P. Eckle's Jewelry & Watchmaking Store opposite the Post Office, where he will keep constantly on hand a rich and varied assortment of all kinds of JEWELRY, which he will sell on the most accommodating terms, also will do *REPAIRING* with neatness and dispatch, and shall not fail to strive to please all who may be kind enough to give him a call. OTTO HUBER,

(70:3m) *Watchmaker & Jeweller.*

Greensboro, May 6, 1857.

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Twelfth Year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It contains all the Great Trials, Criminal Cases, and appropriate Editorials on the same, together with information on Criminal Matters, not to be found in any other newspaper.

☞ Subscriptions, $2, per annum; $1, for Six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, county and state where they reside plainly,)

To R. A. SEYMOUR,
Editor & Proprietor of the
National Police Gazette,
71:tf New York City.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.—Mrs. WHEELER & Mrs. OAKLEY take this method of informing their friends & customers that they have received their new stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods—consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, &c. Particular attention paid to Dress-Making. We have one of the best systems of Dress-Cutting in this country, and have made arrangements to receive direct from New York Patterns every month. Room No. 2, over Garrett's store.

Greensboro, March 25, 1857. 64tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

WANTED AT THIS OFFICE—AN APPRENTICE TO THE PRINTING business. He must be able to write and know something of English Grammar. His morn character must be above suspicion. Age from 14 to 16 years. Application should be made immediately.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—THE undersigned are still engaged in the manufacture of their premium fans at M. D. Landreth's ¾ of a mile east of the Court House in Greensboro N. C. Orders promptly attended to and thankfully received.

H. B. DOWLER & CO.

Those that are indebted to us in the counties adjoining Guilford will find their notes with W. C. Porter in Greensboro.

(71—3mo.) H. B. DOWLER & CO.

FOR SALE.—WE WILL SELL at Auction on the 2nd day of June, the SMITH and WOOD SHOPS at Hunts Store, together with the lots on which they are located; the tools of both shops, one HORSE WAGGON, steel, iron &c.

This is a very eligible Stand for the waggon making and smithing business.

Terms made known on day of Sale.

HELSABECK & BEESON.

May 7th 1857.

COMMITTEES OF COMMON Schools from 3rd Monday April 1857 to 3rd Monday in April 1858.

DISTRICT.	NAMES OF COMMITTEE-MEN.
1	R. C. Scott G. L. Busic L. J. Apple.
2	W P Heath Daniel Huffines, Daniel R Low.
3	Jacob Gerringer John Paylor Wm Boon.
4	John Albright Hillery Huffman, G Starr.
5	Levi May, Jonathan Greeson, H Greeson.
6	John F Record, Henry Kime, Wm Smith.
7	A Maxwell, Wm Green Jno. M Wright.
8	Daniel Wirick, Jacob Smith, Henry Smith,
9	S H Denny, M. Wirick J. Gray.
10	Geo. Gannon Jno. A Pritchard J R Hanner.
11	D C Stewart, S Hunter, Gedeon Greeson.
12	Erevin Hanner Paul Coble J Hemphill.
13	James Gant, Spencer Bevill, J Parker.
14	Daniel Wirick, S McLintock, J Gilchrist
15	E Donnell, Jno. C Rankin, Thos. Buckhanan.
16	Jno. W. McMurray H A Sharp, R Kirkman.
17	W G Tucker, R D Thom, J B Gamble.
18	C Sinclair, Cornelius Dick, S W Barker.
19	Thomas E Moore, J Tatum, Jno. Pearson.
20	James Hobbs Andrew J Piles, Wm Scott.
21	Daniel Albright Caleb White, Lem Smith.
22	Alfred Ingold E F Cummings J N Short.
23	Samuel S Davis Wm Hodson, Geo. Beard.
24	R Stepheason, Wm Kirkman, Jno. Hall
25	C N Barham, T Goley, Jonathan Strader
26	John Lambeth, Jesse Case, Jno. Highfield.
27	L Kirkman, Wm M Cummings C Smith.
28	Timothy Russell, Dr. S Sapp J E Marlow.
29	Spinx Reece, Oran Lineburg J J Armfield.
30	Wm Davis B F Wiley Anson Holton.
31	Jno. B. Dwiggins, Jno. Frazier, J Gordon
32	Saml. Donnell, A Moore, J Benbow.
33	Geo. Bowman Jonathan Balla L Starbuck.
34	Elisha Charles, J A Davis Stephen White.
35	Dr. J Penix, Jno. Hedgecock D Wilburn.
36	W F Bowman A C Jones, Solomon Horney.
37	Wm Britain, C Booth, J A Hoskins.
38	C G Yates, A Weatherly, John Denny.
39	Pleasant McAdoo A Rankin, M Rankin.
40	Wm McMurray, L Rayl, Robt. McCuiston.
41	H C Dick E N McLean Willis Sikes.
42	M D Young S Rayl, John Kellum.
43	Ambrose Phillippie, O Friddle, C Neece.
44	T Rankin Wm. P Wharton J P Wooters.
45	J B Hounton, D M Kirkman, L S Kirkman.
46	J G Anthony Obed Anthony, J Coffin.
47	Morrison Donnell, N Hackett, L Hackett.
48	Harris Kirkman, G Stanley, R Caldwell.
49	D Foust, Joshua Clapp, J Foust.
50	Amos Stewart, J W Patterson, H Ledbetter.
51	T G Wharton, Henry Foust Wm M Clapp.
52	A H Lindsay, Thomas Macy, John Clark.
53	Dr. S G Coffin Wm Reece, W H Stanley.
54	Zebadee Kersey, J Henderson N Hunt Jr.
55	Charles Harden, Edward Kirkman, A Ross.
56	J Murphey, J Sillivan, Ithaner Armfield.
57	L R Kirkman, G W Suigot, J W Northam.
58	Nathan Johnson, J G Hedgecock S Sullivan.
59	Joshua Starr, Hance Corsbie Alfred Jones.
60	J Underwood Robert Thomas, J Carmon.
61	Thos. Warren, G Pegram, Wm. Anthony.
62	John Ricks, F Mason, Saml. Parsons.
63	Bingham Smith K Coltraine J Hodgin Jr.
64	J Bundy, M H Mendenhall, E E Mendenhall.
65	Hiram Cobb, Fountain McLean, J Denny.
66	Henry Wright, Jehu C Lamb, H Bundy.
67	Geo. Cable Alexander Hanner, S Swain.
68	Emsley Elliott, Abram Curtis, Wm. Layton.
69	D Waynack L L Kernodle P H Summers.
70	John Thomas, Peter Gerringer Asa Clapp.
71	S Thomas, Jos. A Houston, M S Sherwood.
72	David Cable, Eli Ingold, Daniel Ingold.
73	W A Russell, Jonathan Welch J J Welch.
74	O McMichael, J Wright, M B Weatherley.
75	Haywood Praddy Saml. S White J Brown.
76	James Dick James Paisly, J R Sloan.

By order Board Supt's.

71. E. W. OGBURN. Ch'r.

NEW GOODS AT CALDWELLS.

THE Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the public to his entire New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods; consisting in a well selected assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Drugs, Paints, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Silk, Wool, Panama and Palmleaf Hats, Books and Stationary, Brooms, Buckets and Pails, Looking Glasses, Portmonies, Fans, Buttons, Beads, Combs, and a variety of other Yankee Notions. All of which will be sold at the lowest possible figure and such prices as cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Call examine and determine for yourselves. Terms cash or produce on delivery of the Goods.

R. N. CALDWELL.

April 22. (68—1y.)

SOMETHING NEW AT COFFIN'S GALLERY. The Latest process out and is believed by close observers to stand at the head of the fine arts. They are different from the Ambrotype and somewhat resemble the Colored Photograph, though more true to life. The process is admirably adapted to groups of Children, lockets, finger rings, breast pins, &c. Call and see his specimens.

Rooms over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.

April 8th 1857 Z. S. COFFIN.

BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c. The subscriber, thankful for past favors, wishes to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has on hand for sale a large assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., and hopes by close attention to business and low prices, to suit all wanting such articles. Come and see her stock.

Room adjoining Insurance Office.

SARAH ADAMS.

Greensboro N. C. April 8th 1857. 66-tf.

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.

MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.

☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

AMBROTYPES—AT COFFIN'S GALLERY you can get an Ambrotype for only one dollar. Come everybody and get one. These Ambrotypes are finished up transparent. These Ambrotypes are finished up with two glasses hermetically sealed together. These Ambrotypes are colored natural to life. These Ambrotypes are warranted neither to fade nor spot. These Ambrotypes are excelled by none in the Union. He takes the likenesses of children in from two to four seconds sitting. His rooms are over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.

Z. S. COFFIN.

March 25, 1857.

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

Life Scenes.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WOLVERINE SKETCHES.

BY ERNEST J. BEMENT.

NUMBER V.

A New Enemy.

Our camp was between eight and nine miles about north-west from Detroit, and on the bank of Red River, or Run, a small stream of water emptying into Lake St. Clair. We had selected this spot for our camping ground, not because it possessed anything particularly attractive in the way of scenery, for it did not; but because the presence of game, of which there seemed to be an abundance, of different kinds, led us very naturally to suppose that we would fare quite as well there as in any other place that we might select, to the extent of that our suppositions proved correct, for we found plenty of duck and squirrel, and that little variety served us very well. Spikes, on one occasion, I believe, set his line for fish, but caught nothing worth, so we were not disposed to trouble the water after, preferring to burn powder, which we knew would bring us in a satisfactory return, for we were all pretty good shots, and counted the game *rather* smart that could get away from us.

Our party excepting Peter and myself had been away in the woods since morning. They had gone out on a kind of "voyage of discovery." Harry, I believe, was in quest of *swamps*, Spikes after the *ager*, and Walter for anything that turned up.

It was now about noon, and in the absence of our worthy comrades Peter and I sat us down to a bit of cold duck and a cup of coffee made in Peter's best style. We were well doing with these good things of our camp when we heard the report of a gun close by; but thinking that it came from our party, we paid no particular attention to it, other than to remark their early return, as they told us when they left that we need not look for them until after the sun went down. But it proved *not* to be them. Peter had deposited a mouthful of duck, and I was draining my cup of coffee when three of the worst looking set of fellows that ever hurt an eye, appeared at the doorway of our tent.

"Halloo there," said the foremost of the gang, "jest gitting your grub, eh!"

"We were taking our dinner," I replied.

"Yes, wall I 'spose you might give us a bite, as we are some 'at in want, eh!"

"Certainly, all you desire."

Thereupon we re-set our table and the three gathered around it and commenced eating.

"I say," continued the speaker, "I don't 'spose it's any o' my business, but which way are you traveling?"

"We are going north."

"Jest so, and likely to be gone sometime, eh!"

"Probably through the summer, and possibly well into the fall."

"Jest so, I might a knowed that though, by the look o' your traps, seem to have a pooty good supply on hand, eh!"

"We have what we think will do us the journey."

"Jest so, come from Detroit, I 'spose, eh!"

"Yes."

"Wall we are going there. 'Spose you've got nothing to send, eh!"

"You've guessed it the first time, we have nothing to send."

"Jest so, no hurt in the asking, eh!"

"None at all."

At this juncture of our conversation Peter observed one of the men take up my watch, which I had carelessly left on another table, and put it into his pocket, and he immediately requested him to give it up, which he refused to do, saying that he had not got it. His denial so angered Peter that he sprang at the thief and would have knocked him down only for my interference. I thought it better to try fair means first, and if that did'nt work to our satisfaction, we would, of course, try some other, rather than that the miserable fellow should carry off the watch. I advanced this idea to Peter, and he withdrew a little, when I put the question to him myself:

"Have you got my watch?"

"What makes you think that I've got your watch?—it man, I've got one of my own."

"I think you have it because my friend says he saw you take it, besides it is not now where I left it."

"And your friend is a —— lyer, I haven't ——."

"Yes, you have got ze watch, an', by gar, I shall not tell no lie; jes' you tak' dat, an' we will see if I shall tell lie," said Peter, at the same time dealing the fellow a blow, which brought him down.

"Now jes' you look here, everybody," continued Peter, as he knelt down by his fallen foe, "an' see if I shall not ha' ze watch."

So, suiting the action to the word, Peter thrust his hand into the man's coat-pocket and brought forth the watch, which, handing me, I took. It was mine, the rogue had no other, and if he had succeeded in carrying this away, it would have been a good or rather profitable day's work for him, for the watch was a very fine one. When Peter had delivered the fellow of my property, he raised him on his feet and giving him a regular French invitation to leave—which is as hard a rear kick as can be given with a good heavy cowhide boot—he told him if he ever came in his way again, cold lead would make a hole in him. The leader of the gang, effected to be very wroth with his comrade for having committed such a breach of honor, but we, understanding this dodge, took it only for what such like is worth among honest men, and allowed them to depart. Peter sat musing quietly by himself for some time after they left; but finally said—

"The feller shall come back bime bye, an' we'll have to make more dem fight with 'im. 'Spose Harry shall come, 'bout ze tim', ze sun shall go down, an' then we will be nuf for dem."

"I hardly think they will return to-night, Peter, I hope not at any rate, for there'll be blood spilt if they do. They are evidently a hard set of fellows, and if they come back meaning any harm to us, they'll fare the worst, eh! Peter."

"By gar day shall."

The hour of sun-down came and with it the boys, tired half to death, to be sure, but nevertheless in good humor. Supper was soon served, and we all sat down to it, when I told them of the visit we had had, and gave them a description of the visitors.

"They were the roughest set," said I, "that you ever saw, and ——"

"And —— snake-eyed?" interrupted Spikes.

"Yes."

"And bull-headed?"

"Yes."

"Har shaved off—close!"

"Exactly."

"They were all 'bout of a hight, wasn't they?"

"Yes, very nearly."

"One uv 'em had his —— nose broke and kinder smashed up promiscuous like?"

"Precisely."

"The same —— cut throats 'at we met early in the day. Blue lightnin' how I wish 'at we'd a been 'ere, eh! boys."

"According to Peter's idea they'll be here again to-night," I suggested.

"Glory to Jehu. Git eout o' the way, smashed heads sellin' cheap, glory!" exclaimed Spikes, as he went dancing around the table from which he had removed on the announcement that the gang would probably return that night.

Though I was not so ravisingly fond of smashing heads, as it would appear, Spikes was. I deemed it expedient to arrange and perfect plans for our safer protection against them if they should come again to trouble us. So I proposed that one of our pistols should be loaded with powder simply, and fastened to the ground on one side of our tent door, with a number of stout strings running straight and across, like net-work, from the trigger triangularly to the other side of the doorway, fastened to and a little above the ground, so that the slightest pressure upon it would set the pistol off, and notify us that we were wanted. This plan suited our party exactly, and we at once set to work—to make the alarm as we called it. We had soon woven the twine or string in the proper form. When we put the machine together and fastened it down directly across the doorway, Spikes was for trying how it would work. So I told him to load the pistol, which he did, and then I put my foot on the net-work and the pistol went off. This we thought test enough, as it fully proved the utility of the invention.

After this we overhawled our arms, and having righted them we set our alarm and turned in for the night—for it had got to be then about nine o'clock, besides our boys were worn out from their day's tramp and needed rest.

Sometime about an hour after and when we were all sleeping as soundly as possible our pistol went off, and we all sprang to our feet with pistols and knives ready for defence, when we heard Spikes cursing his bad luck in a whisper, just outside the tent. It appeared that Spikes hearing some noise outside got up to see what it was, and, forgetting the alarm had stepped on it and set it off. It was quite as well however, for in less than a minute our visitors of the day were upon us, armed to the teeth. One of two things, it appeared, must occur. They were armed and that for no good purpose, and it was our duty, of course, to defend ourselves. They must give up or die or we must. We forced our way out of the tent—(for they had filled up the door-way with their ugly bodies, which obliged us to force them back in order to get out ourselves,) and took the open field. Peter singled out his man—the one that behaved so badly before and slid a bullet through him. Which, as soon as seen by them induced the others to give up, and we took them prisoners. The next day the Sheriff of the county riding by we gave the prisoners over to him and he took them away, we feeling ourselves assured that the fellows were well got rid of, and out of our way for a time at least.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FLOWERS.

BY MATILDA.

Ye were not made in vain,
Ye holy flowers! on every leaf I see
The signature of the All-deity,
Written so clear and plain,
That he who bends above the smallest weed
That "name which is above all names" may read.

Your lips are never sealed
To me, sweet flowers! ye tell of one on high,
Who clothes in richer robes than man can buy
The blossoms of the fields:
Where, ere ye list your heads above the sod,
Ye whisper to my heart, "Have faith in God."

Ye tell me of that morn,
In which the soul from its long sleep shall evoke,
And from the dust with melody awoke,
To put its glory on:
Speaking to me with eloquence, though dumb,
Of the long morning watch is yet to come.

Faith, hope, and truth, and love;
Are written plainly in your soft still eyes,
Ye lovely precious gifts of the All-wise,
Who lives above!
Ye holy links in vast creation's chain,
Tho make your use, ye were not made in vain!

There is a man in Chicago in possession of a powerful memory. He's employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I MISS THY FORM, MY SISTER.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

I miss thy form, my Sister,
And thy bright and sunny eye,
And thy voice's soft and gentle tone
As sweet as angels sigh;
And thy holy words of greeting
Which fell upon my ear
Like strains of low, rich Melody,
Upon the summer air.

And I often wish, my Sister,
When the calm, bright stars of even,
Like golden drops of glory,
Are sprinkled over heaven,
That I could hear thy sweet song
Re-echo, on the ear,
Like strains from golden harp-strings
In dreamland's sunny sphere.

And I long again, my Sister,
To place my hand in thine,
And feel the gentle pressure
Of thy red lips to mine;
And live again in gladness
Beneath the dimpled skies,
Whose stars alone in brightness
Can rival thy sweet eyes.

I oft remember, Sister,—
Don't you remember too—
The happy hours of childhood,
Too glorious and too few;
Which passed like angels over
With bright and shining wing,
And we thought that life was nothing
But a happy strain to sing.

But we now think different, Sister,
For we've found that happy strain
Has many notes of discord,
And passages of pain.
But still we should not murmur,
For a charming hope is given,
That a song of holy beauty
We yet may wake in heaven!

Farm, House and Fun.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his woks. "Oh, your honor," said Pat: "don't ask me that:—I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

Answer to Mythological Enigma in the Times of the 14th.

Urames, Mars, Aurora, Fatona, Thalia, Saturn, Clio, Triton, Tantalus, Castor, Atlas, Gorgons, Charon, Mormus, Flora, Iris.

Whole—Clara Augusta Farmington, N. H.

Answer to problem, *in Poetry*, of April 23rd.

The bride was 15, and the bridegroom was 45. W. S. M.

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?"

"No, sir, but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

Verdict for defendant.

We commend the subjoined lament of a political loafer to the perusal of our friends, whose pockets the late election has lightened:

Ven I thinks of vot I lost
And vot I hoped to vin;
I thinks that by my hopes I vos
Oudaciously tuk in.

"How is your husband, this morning, Mrs. Scriggs" "Why, the doctor says as how as, if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

A few days since, a barber offered a reward of fifty dollars for the best recipe for 'instantly removing superfluous hair.' Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it:—'Undertake to kiss a woman against her will.'

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon may deprive us of the other.

An Irish officer, not very conversant with law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the major, told him that if there were any among them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I than your lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but with your lordship's permisaion, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the piper of Leinster, I'll *challenge* every mother's of them, and have 'em out to."

A fellow being brought to the bar, some time ago to answer for a misdemeanor, told the prosecutor that he could convict him of being both a thief and a muderer. Upon being required to prove his assertion, "Why, said he, "you ugly villian, you killed a monkey, and stole his countenance."

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
Has chilling fate upon me fell!
There always comes a soakin' shower
When I hain't got an *umberell*.

A man has declined being a candidate for office in one of the new States, because he is a legal citizen—has never paid a tax or any other debt—owns no property—can't read nor write—is blind—has but one leg—has lost four fingers from his left hand; has ten children, and can't leave home for fear they will abuse their mother. He can step down.

General Cass, exhibits surprising vigor, industry and endurance in his official labors. He rises and commences work at five, and is continually engaged, with small respite, till eight or nine at night. His diet is, however, very sparing, and he sticks still to cold water. Now and then he indulges in a cup of coffee, the only exhilarating beverage which he can use.

All the drinking houses in Danville, Va. are closed in consequence of a refusal of the court to grant them licences; the hotels however, still sell liquor.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.
A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopedia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.
At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

NOTICE.—VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE. The subscriber being desirous to move west, offers for sale the following tract of land, situated in the South East corner of Guilford County, on the waters of stinking quarter 2 miles North of Longs mills contains **192 acres,** has a good saw mill and corn mill on it; good frame barn and shop, good log house and kitchen, and other out houses, good orchard, and a meadow that cannot be surpassed in the State. Also a tract lying in Alamance County containg **250 acres,** all timber, situated 2 miles south of Mount Hermin Meeting House on the public road leading from Graham to the foundry; a splendid cite for a tan yard and store, and both badly needed, terms to suit the purchaser either time or cash payments.
(66:::3m.) FREDERIC STAFFORD.

W. H. REECE,
CONSTABLE,
WILL STRICTLY ATTEND TO the collection of *ALL DEBTS* intrusted to his care with promptness and dispatch.
60::3mo Post Office, Jamestown, N. C.

THE REVISED CODE.
50 COPIES received and for sale.
May, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:—25 Bags Prime Laguyra Coffee; 15 Bbls. C. Yellow Sugar; 12 Jars pure Potash. Low for cash at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, March 9.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.
Also,
SEGARS of the choicest Brands: in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

MARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEO. HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Look Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.
JAMES M. HUGHES.
March 12, 1857.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.
RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdeline Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store.
Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

Direct Line to
RICHMOND, Va.
Fare through from Greensboro' to Richmond via Danville, Va., only $7, being four dollars and thirty cents cheaper than any other line running from Greensboro' NORTH.

The Proprietor of the stage Line from Greensboro', N. C., to Danville, Va., would inform the public that he is now running a *Daily Line of* **4 Horse Coaches,** (Sundays excepted,) from the former to the latter place, connecting at both points with the Rail Roads.

Leaves Greensboro' daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock P. M., and arrives in Richmond next day in time to take the evening train going *NORTH.*

Persons wishing to visit Wentworth or Madison, by taking the Danville stage at Greensboro' on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, will reach either of these places the same night.
Dec. 19, 1856. J. HOLDERBY,
(21::1y e-o-w)

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.
He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.
☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.
REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Kenneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(57—6m.)

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON
CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.
Jan. 8, 1857. 631y

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.
Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*
He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

A CARD.
THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.
January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX.
A. P. ECKLE.
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.
(56::tf)

Old Bonnets Made New!
MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Trimming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.
All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.
Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44::tf)

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
With select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

MARYLAND LOTTERY ON THE HAVANA PLAN. To be drawn in Baltimore, Md., on SATURDAY, May 23rd, 1857. R. FRANCE & CO., Managers. Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Class G.

	Scheme	
1	$65.000	$65.000
1	24.977	24.978
2	15.000	30.000
2	10.000	20.000
2	8.000	16.000
2	6.000	12.000
5	4.000	20.000
5	3.000	15.000
100	1.700	170.000
100	1.000	100.000
66	200	13.200
66	100	6.600
132	60	7.920
4.092	40	163.680
25.740	20	514.800
30,316	prizes, amounting to	$1.179.178

Wholes $20; Halves $10; Quar. $5; Eighths $2.60.

Certificate of Package of 26 Wholes cost $316 00
Do. do. 26 Halves, " 158 00
Do. do. 26 Quarters" 79 00
Do. do. 26 Eighths," 39 00

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. *Extra Class 5,* to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, May 30th 1857.
SPLENDID SCHEME.

Capital Prizes		*Approx'n Prizes.*
1 prize of	$33,000	4 of $400
1 prize of	10,000	4 of 300
1 prizes of	6,200	4 of 250
2 " of	4,000	8 of 200
2 " of	2,000	8 of 150
2 " of	1,800	8 of 100
2 " of	1,500	8 of 90
2 " of	1,400	8 of 150
2 " of	1,250	8 of 70
20 " of	800	80 of 60
20 " of	600	80 of 50
40 " of	400	160 of 40
105 " of	300	420 of 25

1,000 prizes, amounting to $183,300
Whole Tickets $20; Halves 10; Quarters 5.
☞ Please address all orders for Tickets in the above Magnificent Scheme, to
T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::ly) Baltimore, Maryland.
T. H. Hubbard & Co., are our authorized agents to fill all orders for Tickets in the Maryland Lotteries R. FRANCE & CO.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
July, 1856.
Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.
Also,
Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob
Leavelt's improved Young Crushers.
American.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.
AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "
This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.
Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

MULLETS.—25 Bbls. LARGE Mullets, at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, March 9.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.
The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*
The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge,* on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.
Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.—1280 acres of land for sale—The subscriber offers for sale the following tracts of land each containing 160 acres. The North-east quarter of section 24 of township 54 North in range 21 West. Chariton county, Missouri.
The North-west quarter of section 11 of township 56 in range 21 West. Chariton, co., Mo.
The South-west quarter of section 25 of township 1 North in range 9 West. Adams, co., Ill.
The North-east quarter of section 17 of township 4 South in range 7 West. Pike co., Ill.
The North-east quarter of section 15 of township 6 South in range 5 West. Pike co., Ill.
The North-east quarter of section 25 of township 1 South in range 5 West. Adams co., Ill.
The North-west quarter of section 10 of township 2 North in range 2 West. Schuyler co., Ill.
The South-west quarter of section 10 of township 1 North in range 3 East. Arkansas.
The titles are *Patent and Tax* which are equal to *a whole title.*
Address J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
(61::3m) *General Land Agent, Sunsbury, Gates county, N. C.*

CABINET WAREHOUSE
BY
PETER THURSTON,
West Market, Greensboro, N. C.
LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.
January, 1857. 53:1y

All kinds of Blanks for sale.

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES
[Authorized by the State of Georgia.]
Capital Prize of $50,000!!!
TICKETS ONLY $10!

Owing to the great favor with which our Single Number Lotteries have been received by the public, and the large demand for Tickets, the Managers, S. SWAN & CO., will have a drawing each Saturday throughout the year.
The following Scheme will be drawn in each of their Lotteries for May, 1857.
CLASS 34,
To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 2, 1857.
CLASS 35,
To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday May* 9th, 1857,
CLASS 36,
To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 16th, 1857.
CLASS 37,
To be drawn in the city of Atlanta, Ga. in public, on *Saturday, May* 23, 1857.
CLASS 38,
To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 30th, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. Three thousand two hundred and ninety Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets.

Magnificent Scheme!
To be drawn
EACH SATURDAY IN MAY!

1	Prize of	$50,000	is $50,000
1	"	20,000	is 20,000
1	"	10,000	is 10,000
1	"	10,000	is 10,000
1	"	5,000	is 5,000
1	"	5,000	is 5,000
1	"	5,000	is 5,000
1	"	2,500	is 2,500
1	"	2,500	is 2,500
1	"	2,500	is 2,500
1	"	2,500	is 2,500
1	"	2,500	is 2,500
1	"	1,000	is 1,000
1	"	1,000	is 1,000
1	"	1,000	is 1,000
1	"	1,000	is 1,000
1	"	1,000	is 1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are 10,000
100	"	50	are 5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of $225	to $50,000	are $900
4	" 160	to 20,000	are 640
8	" 80	to 10,000	are 640
12	" 50	to 5,000	are 600
24	" 30	to 2,500	are 720
26	" 25	to 1,000	are 500
3,000	" 20	are	60,000

3,290 Prizes amounting to $204,000
Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2½.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

The Numbers from 1 to 30,000, corresponding with those Numbers on the Tickets printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one Wheel.
The first 218 Prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another Wheel.
The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of Numbers, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other wheel. The Number and Prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the Commissioners; the Prize being placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.
Approximation Prizes.—The two preceding and the two succeeding Numbers to those drawing the first 18 Prizes will be entitled to the 72 Approximation Prizes, according to the scheme.
The 3,000 Prizes of $20 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $50,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the $50,000 Prize ends with No. 1, then all the Tickets, where the number ends in 1, will be entitled to $20. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2, will be entitled to $20, and so on to 0.
Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE	
of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,	$80
" 10 Half "	40
" 10 Quarter "	20
" 10 Eighth "	10

In ordering Tickets or Certificates.
Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.
The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.
☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.
☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.
☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.
All communications strictly confidential.
Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office.
Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to
S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
or at Montgomery, Ala.
(52::1y)

SOUTHERN LOTTERY. ON THE HAVANA PLAN of Single Numbers. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY, *by authority of the State of Georgia.* Class Y. Drawn May 15, 1857, at Savanah, Ga. Under the sworn superintendence of J. M. PRENTISS and W. R. SYMONS, Esqs. Saturday Schemes will be drawn every Saturday, at Macon, Ga. Monthly Large Schemes will be drawn at Savanah, about the 15th of every month. Nearly one Prize to Every Nine Tickets; 30,000 Tickets—3,286 Prizes! Prizes Payable Without Deduction.

Scheme.

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